MEMORIES OF
JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

THOMAS R. WAY.

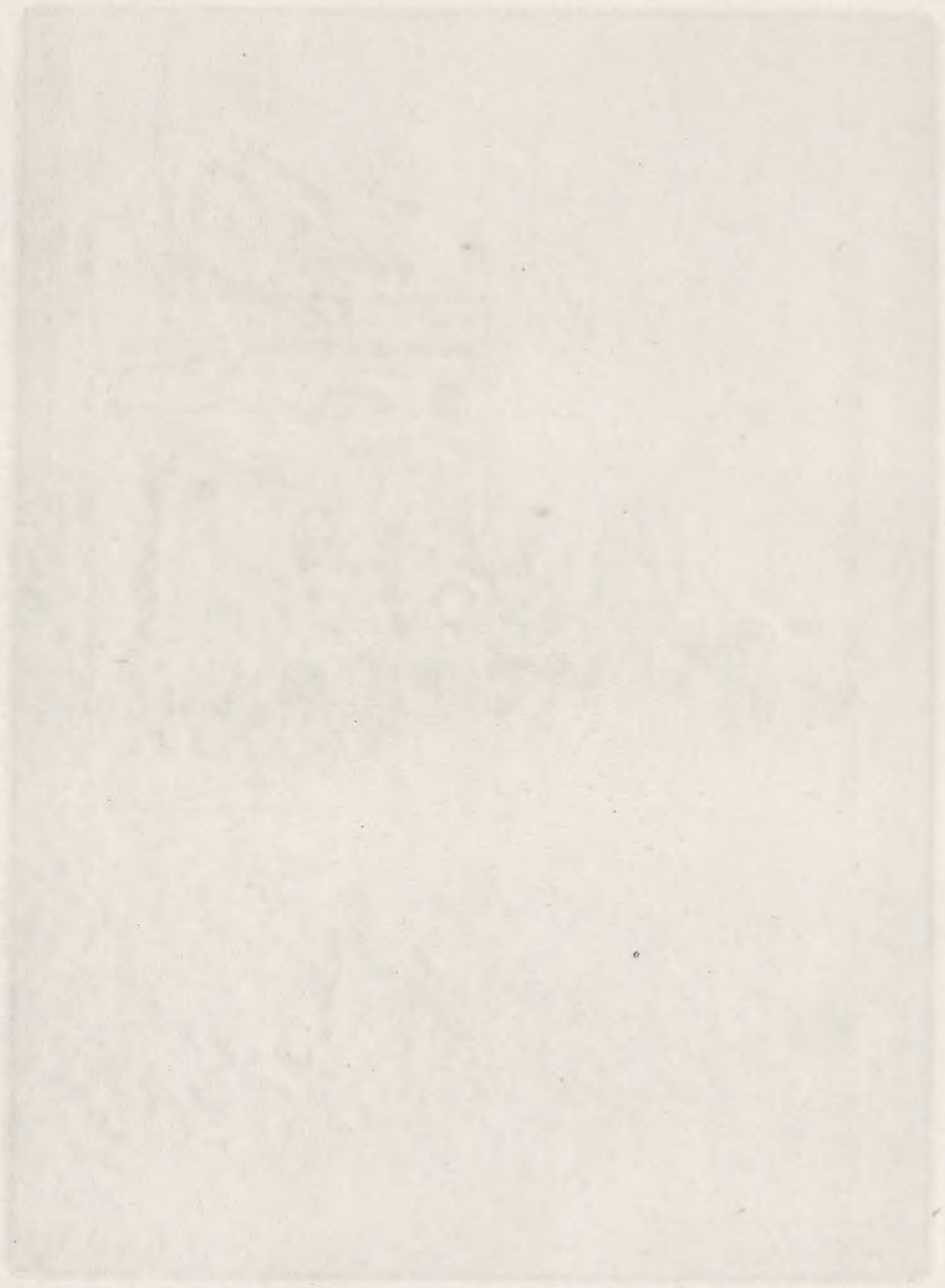
SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION
603.

*

This edition is limited to fifty numbered copies for sale in England, of which this is No. 7

Thos R Way

MEMORIES OF
JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER



FSC-GR-692

MEMORIES

OF

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

THE ARTIST

BY

T. R. WAY

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY. MCMXII

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

927
·W57W4

TO

MRS. W. McNEILL WHISTLER

WHO WITH HER HUSBAND THE LATE DOCTOR WHISTLER
DID SO MUCH TO HELP THE GREAT ARTIST THROUGH
THE STORMIEST PART OF HIS LIFE

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE

IN writing these few reminiscences, my intention has been to try to recall the picture of the man in his work as I knew him during many years.

Soon after Whistler's death the Art Workers' Guild devoted an evening to his memory, and gathered together a small but very fine collection, representing all sides of his pictorial work, in Clifford's Inn Hall. This little book is based on a paper which I read at that meeting; and I have tried to bring out the side of his character which appealed to me most and to show him as the keen, untiring student and worker, rather than the brilliant figure in society or the keen fighter.

A word as to the illustrations, which are mostly facsimiles of sketches by Whistler. Some are selected because they seem to me to show the artist thinking aloud as it were; many of these were pinned to the wall in his studio for a number of years; indeed, he did not part with them until some time in the 'eighties. Others are

pen-and-ink memory notes of his pictures, or, as in the case of the "Fitzroy Square" and "Grand Rue, Dieppe," printed direct from original works.

The lithograph of the "Little White Girl" was drawn many years since with Whistler's knowledge from a photograph which he gave my father in the 'seventies.

I had a habit of making little pastel notes of his pictures, which Whistler himself encouraged; and I have made lithographs of such as are associated with the text.

My acknowledgments are due to Mrs. W. Whistler, Mr. D. Kennedy, Mr. H. E. Morgan, and to my father and sisters, for kind permission to reproduce the originals in their possession. I have also to thank my friend Mr. G. R. Dennis for assisting me with the text.

T. R. WAY.

April 1912.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FITZROY SQUARE. From the etching drawn by WHISTLER and bitten in by Sir F. SHORT . . *Frontispiece*

LITHOGRAPH NO. 1 . . . . . *To face p.* 4

SKETCH DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF PASSAGE OF 96 CHEYNE WALK . . . . . „ 10

REDUCED FACSIMILES OF SKETCHES FOR NOCTURNES „ 14
Belonging to T. WAY, Esq.

TWO PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF NOCTURNES . . „ 16
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

THE COVER OF "PICCADILLY." Designed by Du Maurier „ 18

THE GAIETY STAGE-DOOR. An Early Lithograph . „ 20

PEN SKETCHES. The two upper are of Connie Gilchrist as The Skipping Girl, below the "Firewheel" . . „ 20

PEN SKETCHES MADE IN BOW STREET POLICE COURT „ 22
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

TWO STUDIES OF FIGURES . . . . . „ 24
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

LITHOGRAPH OF A PASTEL COPY BY THE AUTHOR FROM WHISTLER'S STUDY FOR THE SYMPHONY IN WHITE, NO. 4: THE THREE GIRLS . . . „ 26

C.f. 02.13F

STUDY FOR SYMPHONY IN WHITE, NO. III. . . . *To face p.* 26

STUDY OF A GIRL WITH A PITCHER . . . . . „ 26
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL . . „ 28

A SHEET OF STUDIES OF BABY LEYLAND . . . „ 30
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

SKETCH OF PROPOSED COVER FOR "ART AND ART CRITICS" . . . . . „ 32
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

PORTRAIT STUDY OF LADY . . . . . „ 36

THE ROOM IN AYR STREET . . . . . „ 40
By T. R. W.

PAGE OF MEMORY NOTES OF FOURTEEN VENICE ETCHINGS . . . . . „ 42
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

MEMORY SKETCH OF THE CARLYLE PORTRAIT . . „ 44
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

VENETIAN SKETCH—BEADSTRINGERS . . . . „ 48
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

VENETIAN SKETCH—CANAL . . . . . „ 50
By permission of D. KENNEDY, Esq.

THREE PAGES OF THUMB NOTE SKETCHES OF THE VENICE PASTELS LITHOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR „ 52

SKETCH OF MAUD FRANKLIN . . . . . „ 58
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

THE TWO PORTRAITS OF LADY MEUX. Lithographs from notes drawn by T. R. W. . . . . „ 64

FACSIMILE OF PEN SKETCH IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. WHISTLER, AND CHALK DRAWING OF SKETCH BY T. R. W. See pp. 67–8 . . . „ 68

PHOTOLITHOGRAPH OF A PAGE GIVING A LIST BY WHISTLER OF HIS MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES, WITH SIX SKETCHES . . . . . *To face p.* 82
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

SKETCH OF LADY, SEATED . . . . . „ 96
By permission of H. E. MORGAN, Esq.

SKETCH FOR ONE OF THE SIX PROJECTS . . . „ 100
By permission of H. E. MORGAN, Esq.

TWO TRIAL SKETCHES. Original lithographs by Whistler. Above, an interior; below, Grande Rue, Dieppe . „ 104

CAMEO. Facsimile, to scale, of pencil sketch . . . „ 106

SEVEN PEN SKETCHES OF SUBJECTS LITHOGRAPHED AT LYME REGIS . . . . . „ 116

PHOTOLITHOGRAPH OF THE PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS WAY . . . . . „ 124

SKETCH OF WHISTLER, whilst he was retouching a stone. Drawn by the Author . . . . . „ 125

CREMORNE GARDENS. Lithograph by the Author . „ 136

PHOTOGRAVURE OF THE WHITE LADY. See p. 137 . „ 136
By permission of the Misses WAY.

SKETCH OF A PASTEL STUDY BY WHISTLER FOR THE PRECEDING . . . . . „ 138

EARLY SKETCH FOR COMPOSITION . . . . . „ 142
By permission of T. WAY, Esq.

NOTE.—All the Illustrations have been printed by lithography by T. WAY, Gough Square, E.C., except the etching "Fitzroy Square," printed by Messrs. F. Goulding, Ltd., Brook Green, W., and the photogravure of "The White Lady," by Messrs. Cartwright & Sons, Southampton Buildings, W.C.

MEMORIES OF
JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

CHAPTER I

I SUPPOSE that never before has an artist's death let loose such vast quantities of printed matter in every part of the world, whether in books or in magazine and newspaper articles, and, alas, this adds one more to the list; yet few of them suggest the real charm of Whistler the craftsman, such as it was my privilege to know him. He has been described as a poser—an actor always before the footlights, always on his guard against the world, against possible enemies or doubtful friends; perhaps he was—certainly he did show different sides to different people. Thus, after reading Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's great *Life*, one concludes that he showed himself to them exclusively as an American—which he rarely did to me. But, then, they are Americans, and he wished them to write his life, and posed the model for them to picture. And at the time when they

knew him, during the latter part of his life, many of his compatriots had woke up to his established reputation and were paying court to him, and I fear drove away memories of old friends. But though there is another man to be drawn some day, of quite a different character from the one shown by either M. Duret or Otto Bacher, or Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, it is a good thing that each of these books should have been written, and especially the last mentioned, because it has gathered in its covers the personal reminiscences of a great number of his contemporaries who were at various times in close contact with him, a record which if not made at once, and with such untiring devotion as Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have given to their task, would assuredly never have been made at all. Some day in the future, perhaps, the man may live again in his letters. They are wonderful reading, and it would be a pity if a selection were not published, so that, where possible, the persons to whom they were written might explain the points on which the correspondence turns. I have many letters, mostly concerned with lithography, and in them occur many references to matters mentioned in my letters which will puzzle readers who have no key. Of one thing, however, any one reading them

will be convinced, namely, of the absolute determination of Whistler to master completely the art of lithography, as I shall endeavour to show later on. There are, as well, many references in them to persons still living, which perhaps should not be published at present.

My earliest memories of Whistler are connected with a couple of pastel drawings. They may both be fairly described as belonging to what we may term his Greek or Classic period, and were drawn when he was in close association with Albert Moore, though in one of them we may detect the influence of those Japanese ideas which he seems to have acquired during his Valparaiso journey.

One of these pastels was "The Purple Cap," which my father had bought, I think, from Mr. Deschamps of the Durand Ruel Gallery in Old Bond Street, through whom and through E. W. Godwin, the architect, he made Whistler's acquaintance. My father has all his life been a keen enthusiast and experimenter in lithography, anxious to interest any artist in its possibilities; and realising at once that here was a man with powers altogether out of the common, he sought opportunity to put them before him. Whistler was about this time hard at work upon the wonderful decorations of the Peacock Room, and a

little pamphlet which he wrote describing its intention and meaning was printed by my father for him, and was the first transaction between them.

Lithography was the cause of my coming in touch with Whistler, and there will be many references to it in the following pages. In spite of all the efforts to bring its artistic side before collectors, and the many articles which have appeared on the subject, the world in general has very hazy ideas about lithography, so that a few words of description may not be out of place. To be brief, lithography is a process of printing from stone, the surface of which is perfectly level and flat. A drawing is first made upon the stone with a greasy chalk or ink ; then, after a certain chemical process of etching which deposits the grease below the surface, the stone is damped all over and a roller covered with ink of a greasy nature is passed across it, when the ink adheres to the places where the drawing has been made, but not to the other parts of the stone, which, being damp, reject it. A sheet of paper is then laid on the stone and pulled through a press under great pressure, and, when lifted off, the paper is seen to have upon it a proof of the work drawn upon the stone. This print is a lithograph.

Now this process is a most complete one, and as I am dealing entirely with the artistic side of lithography and not with the reproductive, I wish to emphasise one point: which is that, whether the artist has drawn directly upon the stone, or, as is frequently done, upon a form of prepared paper called transfer paper (in which case the drawing is laid face down upon a clean stone and subjected to great pressure, when the grease of the chalk remains on the stone just as if drawn direct), then, in either case, so long as no other hand comes between the artist's own and the proof, the result is his own original work, good or bad. In an original etching on the copperplate it is the same, no more and no less. So also in an original woodcut. These three processes exemplify the different results obtainable in printing. In the woodcut the lines are pressed into the paper; in the etching they are in relief, as the paper is pressed into the hollow lines in the plate; in the lithograph the surface remains undisturbed.

Lithography offers the artist every variety of strength from white to black, and an almost unexplored field of colour. But one of the chief charms and advantages which lithography can legitimately claim is that it is the one *positive*

process by which an artist can multiply his ideas. The drawing is made in black upon a white or very light ground, and thus the artist is able to see exactly what he is doing and, after experience, to know what the print for which he should work will give. In etching it is not so, as the line scratched upon the blackened surface of the copperplate shows a bright line in place of the black line which eventually appears upon the print; whilst in mezzotint and woodcuts the process is a laborious cutting from a black ground to white. Moreover, in lithography there is no possibility of the printer's "assisting" the drawing with "retroussage," or spreading of the ink, as is frequently done in etching. The printer's work ought to be, as it can be, a simple and regular repetition of the proof as the artist has passed it.

If I devote a great part of these reminiscences to Whistler's lithographic work, my excuse must be that the conviction grows stronger on my mind that for the reproductive side of his art he found in it the most sympathetic and perfect medium of all. Great indeed as he was as an etcher, I believe he found he could get a far more direct and personal expression from lithography than on the copperplate. Tones and shadows which he could obtain directly with a

stump or wash, or a few strokes of the soft chalk, he could only obtain in his etchings with an infinite number of lines with the needle point, or by a painting of ink upon the plate, which latter he of course needed to repeat for each impression, and this form of printing he discarded before he had finished printing the hundred sets of the Venice plates. I know from what he told me that he looked upon his lithographs, and especially his later ones, as having qualities equal to any of his etchings.

In 1878 Whistler made his first start in lithography; but, as usual, he never did anything in a hurry, nor without due and proper preparations. I doubt if he ever began any piece of work all through his life without having the mechanical means at hand, or easily obtainable, to carry through his intention. I am certain that he never began any work without knowing quite definitely what he intended to do. On this occasion, when he proposed using what was a new medium to him, it became necessary to experiment and find out something of its possibilities; so he had a stone sent to his studio, and a set of the usual chalks for drawing, and posing his model, Miss Maud Franklin, he made a very charming study of her, standing, and holding the train of her dark

dress in her hand. Curiously, yet I suppose quite naturally, as befitting an experiment, he has used in this one drawing probably the whole gamut of the chalks provided. The face and many parts of the figure seem to have been drawn with a firm hard chalk, and then, as he could not readily get sufficient colour from it, he has tried another of a softer kind, and wound up with a chalk known as "crayon estompe," almost too soft to draw with at all, and intended to be applied with a stump—indeed, there is a suggestion of delicate stumping on the face and hair—finishing up by scraping away some of the superfluous and intense blackness which the last chalk would give. As a result, this, his first lithograph, shows a forceful effect, such as he always strove to avoid, and the few proofs printed were mostly pulled in brown, probably to minimise this defect. Then, before he went on, he had a considerable number of stones sent to his studio, as he said he did not like to start working with only one, in case of the first drawing not being to his liking, when there would be nothing to take its place.

His next two lithographs were made from the same model. No. 2, a seated figure in profile, he evidently started in chalk and then completed in washes of diluted ink or "lithotint," as it is called;

in this, too, he obtained a definiteness, a strength which almost amounted to violence, the natural result of his unfamiliarity with lithotint, which is the most capricious of all lithographic processes, and yet, perhaps, the most desirable, as Whistler himself proved later on. Thus in these earliest experiments he tried practically all the processes for working upon stone which my father had told him about, with the exception of the "manière noire," which consists in scraping the design or picture out of a dark ground previously laid on the stone; later on he put this principle into practice most successfully. The transfer papers then in use in lithographic work were not of a satisfactory character for such art as he was striving after, and it was not till later that he made his earliest experiments upon this medium.

It was at this time that I made my first visit to his studio. He had previously been to my father's office at 21 Wellington Street, where I had seen him, but now some message had to be sent to him about the stones he wanted, so I went to 96 Lindsay Row, where he was then living. As he was painting in his studio, I was asked to wait. But Charles Augustus Howell came along and took me into the room at the back of the house, which he used as a studio. I remember

that the passage from the door was panelled, and had, I think, a painting of ships on the wall. Later on I found amongst the notes upon brown paper which my father had from him, a rough sketch which I recognised as probably for this decoration. I remember that the studio struck me as a very dark chamber; perhaps because it was late in the afternoon, though the arrangements for the picture he was working upon may have helped the idea. It was a full-length portrait of Mr. Winans, in black, against a black background. Howell, who seemed to have the right to come and go as he pleased in the house, took me in, saying, "it's only young Way; he can come in, can't he?" Mr. Winans, who had evidently had a long sitting, exclaimed "Time's up! Jimmy." "Only another quarter of an hour," was the reply; but the quarter of an hour stretched into three quarters before the sitting finished and I could venture to give my message, which was about the arrangements for an excursion down the river with my father, for the next drawing—"Limehouse."

I recall another incident of his disregard of time, which occurred about this time, and of which I was told by one of those present. At one of his Sunday morning breakfasts, which were so

[illegible]

famous, a party of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in his studio, with the arranged intention of making an excursion together. Whistler, however, had prepared in his own mind another entertainment, and posing one of the ladies, started a full-length painting of her. After some time the other members of the party showed signs of restlessness, and wanted to know when they were going to start on the expedition? Whistler expressed his displeasure, adding, "By Jove, it's not before every one that I would paint a picture."

At this time I fear I did not realise the greatness of the artist with whom I was in contact. I had been brought up amongst painters, who were my father's friends, and not a few of whom were men of very real distinction—amongst some who have joined the majority it is permissible to name C. E. Holloway, H. G. Hine, E. J. Gregory, and C. Green. And whilst I, who was quite a youngster, realised that Whistler's art was something entirely different from that of other men, yet in what respect it differed I did not then understand. This little man with the crisp curly black hair, extraordinary white lock, dark complexion and eyeglass, and the curious loose black neck ribbon round the muscular throat, impressed me as very serious and earnest in all

matters connected with his art, intensely vivacious, but with a curious disregard of time, certainly of other people's time. In one respect he differed from most of his brother painters, namely, in his dislike to being alone when working. Some artists show an extraordinary dislike to working before any one, whilst most men prefer that their work should not be seen in progress, but only when at least in a nearly finished state. Whistler always seemed to want to have some one in attendance, as it were, when he was working, and for a long time a mysterious man named Eldon was constantly around him. What he did exactly, or even how he lived, I do not know, but he was entertaining, and seemed generally to make himself useful to Whistler—but, alas! shortly after the latter returned from Venice, Eldon went out of his mind and died in an asylum.

The other constant companion of this time was a man of quite a different type, Charles Augustus Howell, a D.C.L., I believe, and at one time secretary to John Ruskin. He seemed to be the "deus ex machina" who, in the capacity of a private dealer, with real and exquisite taste, contrived to get hold of wealthy beings and by dint of persuasion to turn them into art patrons of the P.R.B.'s, and of Whistler. Howell was never

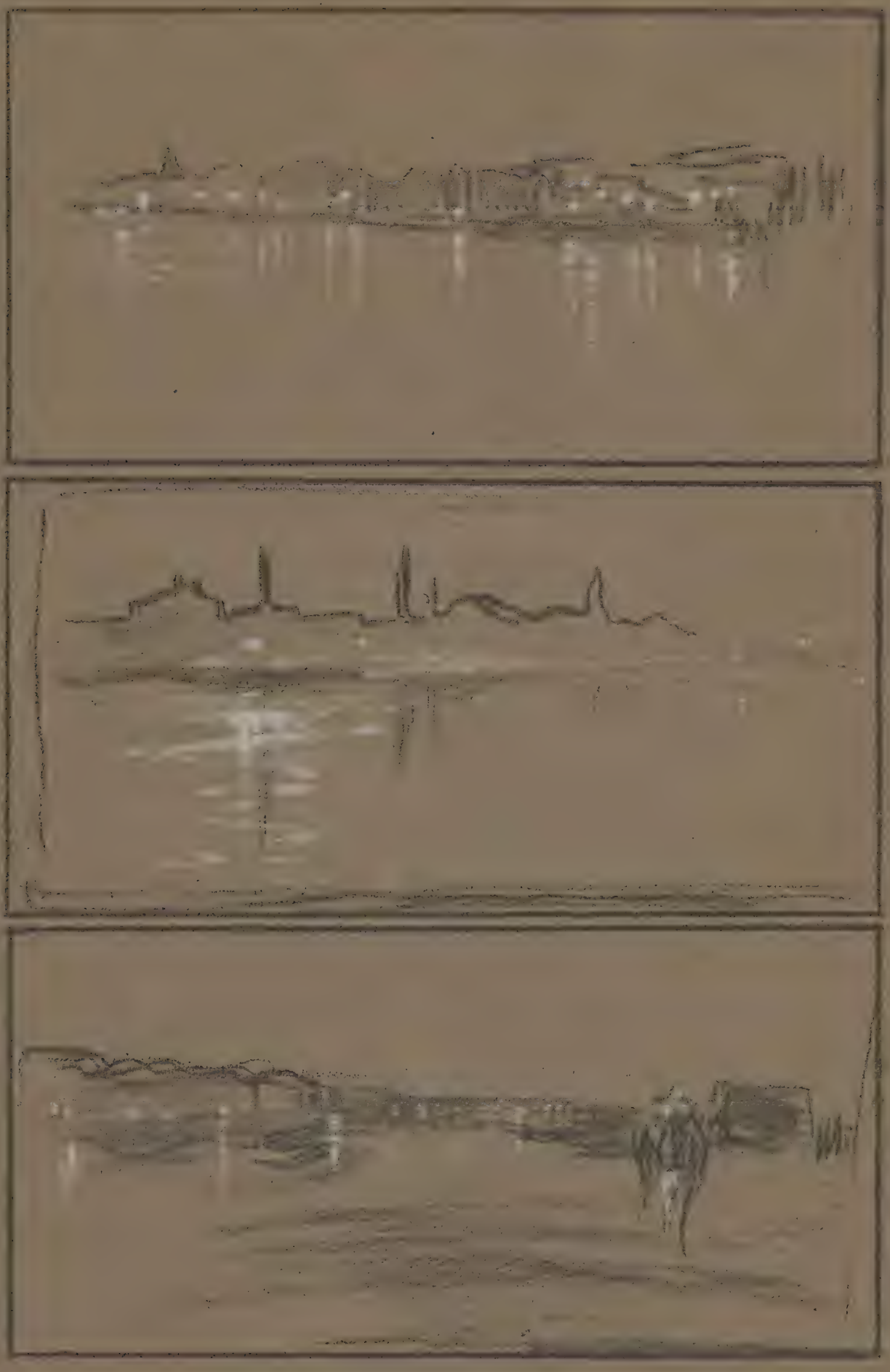
at a loss for a story, and never without a cigarette in his mouth. I remember my astonishment at seeing him continuously exhale the smoke while talking, and common sight as it is now, cigarette smoking was only beginning here then. With great knowledge and interest in everything dealing with the arts, he was an omnivorous collector.

Howell had a charming old house in Fulham, decorated and fitted up to display his collection, which he used as his show place, not to say shop. A railway company wanted to acquire it, and the matter of compensation coming before a jury, he contrived that they should visit the house, and prepared a sumptuous luncheon for them, which much to his disappointment they were not permitted to take; but he was handsomely compensated nevertheless, and moved his stock away in four-wheeled cabs to his next home. Howell seems to have made all the arrangements for the mezzotints of the "Carlyle," the "Mother's Portrait," and the "Rosa Corder," which Richard Josey engraved and Messrs. Graves published; and it was probably through these arrangements that Whistler was able to regain possession of them after the bankruptcy was settled, as they did not come into the hands of his creditors.

I have to thank Howell for teaching me the

great interest of following the production of a print through its various stages; and more still for obtaining Whistler's permission for me to make a collection for myself. He himself took very good care to do the same, and he very well earned it by his work for the Master in many ways—whatever his weaknesses may have been.

There had been, perhaps still was, another helper in the person of Mr. Walter Greaves, who lived close by and used to help in rowing Whistler about at night-time on the river, when he was studying his nocturnes. He also assisted him in his studio. I never met him, but I had heard a good deal of him from Dr. Whistler, and remember seeing etchings of his in the Chelsea shops. I knew also that he painted, and always wanted to see some of his paintings, to judge what influence such exceptional opportunities had had upon them. This year (1911) a collection has been shown of Mr. Greaves' works, and it seemed to me that Whistler's influence was entirely absent from them, with the exception of two or three painted from Whistler's own studio window, and possibly under his eye and advice. Amongst our illustrations are three reduced facsimiles of sketches in black and white upon brown paper, of river subjects by night, studies drawn in the dark, by feeling not by sight, and intended only



to note the silhouette of the distant buildings against the sky, and the position of the lights. Such notes have, however, extraordinary power in recalling to the draughtsman the scene represented, and would enable him to concentrate his mind more completely upon the colour of the subject. Quite probably they were made upon some of the trips with Mr. Greaves, and one rather wonders what became of the great number of nocturnes which Whistler must have painted ?

Besides these, there was yet another helper to whose assistance he was at this period of his art immensely indebted. I refer to his model, then Maud Franklin. The great number of his pictures for which she posed, and the self-sacrifice she displayed before the most exacting and trying of all painters, deserve at least a word of recognition. One of the best likenesses of her is the full-length portrait called "L'Americaine."

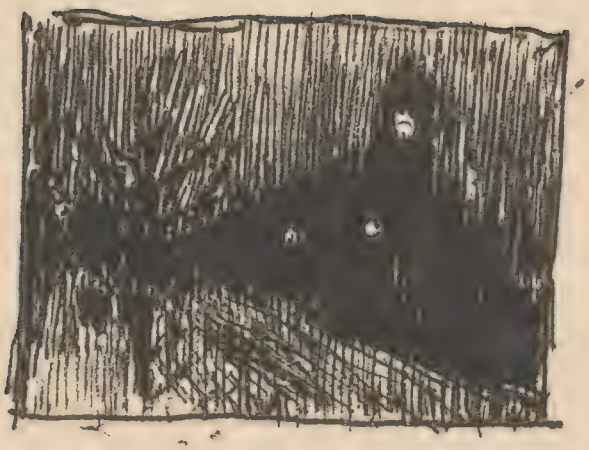
To return now to our subject after this long digression.

When Whistler had seen the proofs of these three drawings, he wished next to try the result of working upon a prepared ground, adding darks and scraping out lights, as in his drawings in black and white upon brown paper. Several stones being made ready, he went to one of his old

haunts at Limehouse with my father, and sitting out on a barge made the lithotint of the old wharves and shipping known as "Limehouse." When first proved, this subject came too heavy and flat, and he repeatedly retouched it until he was satisfied. I remember, as showing his constant reliance on a reference to nature, that he had the stone set up in the office window, so that he might get ideas from the people across the street, when he was working upon some little figures of men tarring the side of a ship, which forms one of the incidents in the picture. He only went to Limehouse once for this quite complicated drawing.

About this time the publication of his lithographs was determined upon, and the "Limehouse" was to be the first subject. There were to be signed proofs at one guinea each, others unmounted at half a guinea, and prints at five shillings. I forget now why this was not done by one of the regular print publishers, but my father sent circulars to a great list of people supplied by Whistler, and to a large list of collectors obtained from another source, and the response was less than could be counted upon the fingers of one hand!

A second subject was then drawn, the "Nocturne." This lovely picture was done in wash on a prepared ground, and although it was executed



in the office at one sitting from memory, needed but the slightest retouching. It was at first proved upon a very delicate Japanese paper, mounted on plate paper, and then finally a pale cool grey was chosen, as giving more closely the tone intended. The result suggests the exquisite stillness and peace of the Chelsea Reach of the river at night, so characteristic of the place and hour which he has for ever made his own. Alas! that there was so little encouragement then; had there been more, many like prints would have followed. Certainly the next four were, each in its way, as good, but, as will be seen, they were produced with the intention of being printed in large numbers, and I think that works of this kind should not be attempted, except in such very moderate numbers as will ensure that every proof or print issued will be perfect.

Early in 1878 the magazine *Piccadilly* had come into existence; Mr. Theodore Watts was editor and Du Maurier had designed the cover. As it was languishing, it was hoped to revive its circulation by issuing illustrations by Whistler. Mr. Theodore Watts, who was very intimate with the artist, often came with him to the office, and at last got him to make two subjects for *Piccadilly;* one, "The Toilet," the other, "Early

Morning." They were drawn together on one large stone, so that they might be printed at once, and save expense. Now in these subjects, especially in the "Early Morning," he used to all intents and purposes the "manière noire." The stone was prepared, before he touched it, with two rectangular surfaces of half-tint, upon which he worked as in the "Limehouse" and "Nocturne," adding darks and scraping lights. He almost entirely depended on lithotint, but when the first proofs were taken the whole effects of both subjects came much too dark, and his "Early Morning" showed as a nocturne! Some men would have thrown the works over, though some would have accepted the change and with a little modification have pointed to the nocturne as quite satisfactory! There are proofs of the figure subject in its dark, first state, which are really quite charming, though altogether unlike the general tone of the final state. But Whistler had intended an "Early Morning" of the most silvery delicacy, and a lady in a very light dress against a light background, only he had not then learned the printing strength of the prepared half-tone upon which he was working. He could not be satisfied until he had got what he aimed at; so he set to work scraping away the darks, and the stone was re-etched again and again

E.J. FRANCIS & Co. WINE OFFICE COURT, E.C

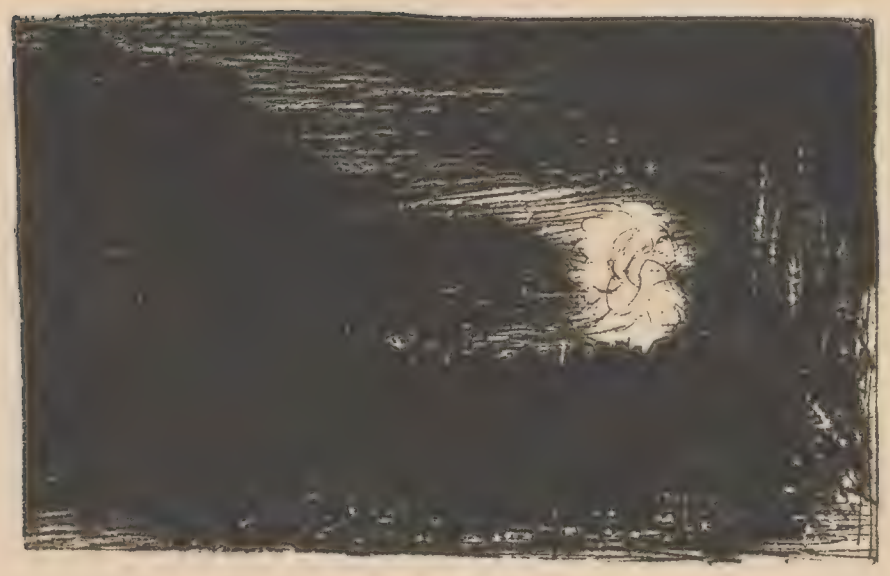
until the right value was achieved and the two drawings were ready for printing.

Piccadilly was owned and financed by two ladies, and I believe there was a consultation between them and the editor and others interested, and in their wisdom they concluded that although these proofs were charming and satisfactory, it would be preferable if the artist would begin his illustration for the magazine with a landscape, more after the manner of the etchings which the public already admired.

At another time in his affairs Whistler would not have considered such an idea, but his finances were not thriving then, and he forthwith made two studies of Old Battersea Bridge on brown paper, and brought them to the Wellington Street office, and there and then drew them both on a fresh stone. "The Long Bridge" and "The Tall Bridge" were at once printed, the former being his first lithograph to be published in a magazine. They were commenced simply in chalk, and we understood that he had completed them; but remembering the effect he had obtained in his second study from a wash of diluted lithographic ink, he asked me to mix him some during my father's absence, and set to with a brush, adding delicate washes of ink all over each drawing. As the

numbers to be printed were many hundreds, and necessitated machine printing, the difficulties of the task thus set became almost prohibitive. The first proofs of these two subjects I have always thought amongst the most beautiful of all his lithographs. The magazine copies are good too, but only when one has not seen the proofs. They were so late in being started for printing on the machine that relays of boys came from the publishers to fetch them as they were ready. "The Toilet" and "Early Morning" followed in printing at once, as *Piccadilly* was published weekly. "The Long Bridge" came first; "The Toilet" next; the other two were ready, then, to be issued; but, alas! *Piccadilly* died, and these prints were lost. A small selection was made of the "Early Mornings," but the "Tall Bridges" were all destroyed, except the very few hand-pulled proofs.

Notwithstanding these disappointments and his many worries, Whistler went on with a few more lithographs during 1879, making seventeen subjects before the Venice trip. These included four experiments upon transfer paper; the first, a drawing of old Battersea Bridge from his house in Lindsay Row, proved a failure in transferring to stone; two others were drawn from the window in Wellington Street, of the opposite side of the road; and the fourth was



a sketch of a model, "The Fan." The "grain" on the surface of the paper was very mechanical, but it is curious to note how little this interfered with his art in the result. I have a dim recollection of his taking some transfer paper with him to Venice, but certainly nothing came of it in the way of lithographs.

But during the visits to the office it must not be thought that he was entirely immersed in work —far from it! There was a new drink which had come from America, called "Mint Julep." This he brewed with great elaboration and solemnity, so much so that nothing else could be done whilst it was going on! Then he was very much interested in the Gaiety people. There was a burlesque produced there on 9th December 1877, called the "Grasshopper," in which his art was made fun of, a painting being shown one way up as a sunset at sea, and then reversed as a desert scene, or something of the kind. These were the palmy days of Hollingshead's management, when Mr. Edward Terry and Nellie Farren were the great stars. Mr. Terry was the artist, and I believe Whistler himself went to the rehearsals. He was certainly enthusiastic about their acting. Connie Gilchrist, who was then sitting to him, also joined the Gaiety company, but later. He seemed to know

them all very well, and as the office windows looked on to the stage door opposite, this was perhaps the reason which attracted him to draw the same subject in three different lithographs. The caricature in the "Grasshopper," which, I believe, did not have a long run, was not a cause of offence to him, at least I never heard any protest from him. When, later on, at the Savoy, he was again caricatured in "Patience," it did not give him much cause for offence either, and I heard him say that when he went to see it he was approached in the box by Sir A. Sullivan with an apology and a request that he, Whistler, would make an "arrangement" of him by painting his portrait. But it did not come off, I fear. That he was on the most friendly terms with the Savoy people afterwards, was shown by the fact that he went to Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte to ask their help over the arrangements for the "Ten O'clock" lecture, which they undertook and carried through entirely for his benefit.

It happened, too, that there was a lithographic artist, named John Bacon, who was doing work for my father, a portrait draughtsman and a pupil of John Lynch; he, not finding enough of his own work to occupy his time, used to draw men's fashion-plates, and, much to his chagrin, Whistler

complimented him on the latter. A quarrel occurred between John Bacon and an apprentice of his which led to an appearance before the magistrate at Bow Street. Being interested in the case we all went to the trial, Whistler included, and he must needs make sketches in a note-book. The authorities having spotted him, he was forthwith put in the reporters' seats and furnished with pens and ink, and he made notes of the people present; excellent likenesses in some cases. Fortunately they were preserved, and are here reproduced.

CHAPTER II

I FIND that, in following certain subjects and their natural leadings, I have left out of its proper sequence one very strong memory—my visits to the White House, which had been built for Whistler, in Tite Street, from the designs of his friend, E. W. Godwin, the architect. The studio was surpisingly different from the room he previously used in Lindsay Row, and entirely unlike the studios usually occupied by other artists. I remember a long, not very lofty room, very light, with windows along one side; his canvas beside his model at one end, and at the other, near the table which he used as a palette, an old Georgian looking-glass, so arranged that he could readily see his canvas and model reflected in it. Those who use such a mirror (as he did constantly) will know that it is the most merciless of critics. I marvelled, then, at his extraordinary activity, as he darted backwards and forwards to look at both painting and model from his point of view at the extreme end of the long studio. He always used brushes of large size with very long handles,

three feet in length, and held them from the end with his arm stretched to its full extent. Each touch was laid on with great firmness, and his physical strength enabled him to do without the assistance of a mahlstick, whilst the distance at which he stood from the canvas allowed him to have the whole of a large picture in sight and so judge the correct drawing of each touch.

Just before sending-in time for the second Grosvenor Exhibition he had a show day, and many people came to see his pictures. There were, I think, only three on view—the "Connie Gilchrist skipping," the unfinished picture of the "Three Girls," and in his drawing-room, below, the "Rosa Corder," alone at one end of the room in stately dignity. Edmund Yates, of *The World*, was there at the same time as I, and Whistler was very enthusiastic about the "Connie Gilchrist." He afterwards sent us down to study the "Rosa Corder," with its exquisitely delicate gradation of colour and modelling in the face; not to mention the whole swing of the figure, and the masterly brush-work in the hat and feather. It is a fine portrait of the lady, who was a friend of Howell's, and whom one often met during this period; she was herself a painter of some distinction, and had made a portrait of F. R. Leyland.

In this drawing-room the only other work of art which I recall at that time was the very fine bust which Sir J. E. Boehm had made of Whistler, and, as far as I can recall, it was the only work by any living artist which I ever saw in his rooms. Once I questioned him as to the authenticity of a black-and-white portrait of himself, on brown paper, which my father had bought from him, and afterwards fancied was by some other artist. The reply was amusing: it was to the effect that he was not in the habit of collecting the works of his contemporaries, but that at one period of his life he had made a practice of drawing his own portrait each night before going to bed, and that, doubtless, this was one such. It was reproduced in *The Art of J. M. Whistler*, which I wrote with Mr. Dennis.

Of the three pictures above named, the large canvas of the "Symphony in White, No. 4," or "The Three Girls," was much the most interesting to me. The figures were at that time nearly in the nude, and I do not think Whistler did much to them afterwards, so that the picture probably never reached the ideal arrived at in the sketch which he afterwards sold to my father, and which is now in Mr. Freer's collection. Before this study went to its present

STUDY OF A GIRL WITH A FISCHU

home I made a pastel copy, here reproduced. He had been at work upon this subject for years, and I saw at least three distinct variations in oil sketches, and an immense number of drawings of the various figures in black and white and pastel on brown paper, some in the nude, some with drapery added.

His manner of making these studies was quite "classic" in his early days. His brother, Dr. Whistler, told me that it was his habit to pose his model beside a skeleton, with a bust of the Venus de Milo at hand; and certainly the ideal towards which he aimed at this period was essentially the same as the Greek ideal, and not a mere copying of his model. I think he must have been distinctly influenced by Albert Moore in his conception of this picture, as also in the rest of the "Six Projects." They are pitched in a high key of colour, of the most exquisite harmony, and form a group quite by themselves among Whistler's paintings. Probably he learned from Moore the use he then made of pastel, which was entirely devoted to studies for figure subjects. In the earliest examples the coloured chalks were very sparingly used, over a carefully drawn black outline on brown paper, and I have been told that Moore's studio was full of such work, pinned to

the walls, just as Whistler's used to be, before he went to Venice. Moreover, a certain classical type, quite similar to Moore's, overshadows the simple rendering of natural forms which he used later on. But the mention of Moore recalls to me a legend about the "Three Girls," which was to the effect that at one time, Whistler having the picture finished, Albert Moore came to see it, and criticised some tone or colour, and that next day Whistler was found with the picture scraped out ready to begin again! I do not know whether this was true or not, but the world is distinctly poorer for the non-completion of this magnificent scheme of whites, pinks, and blues grouped round the almond blossom in the centre.

There is a curious characteristic in the study for this picture, to be noticed in several similar works of his, such as the "Little White Girl," and the two girls in the "Symphony in White, No. 2," and in all the studies for the "Six Projects"—namely, the absence of definite shadows, almost as in Japanese and Chinese paintings and prints. I have been told that it was his custom to have Indian muslin curtains hanging over the windows of the rooms he used for painting in at Lindsay Row, and thus he got a very diffused light without any definite shadow.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHIEF

Certainly, in criticising other men's work to me, he spoke particularly of the hard, dark shadows under the noses, an effect very much due to brilliant top lighting and really quite different from the aspect in which we generally see our friends. He did not need to obtain relief in the various parts of his pictures with strong shadows, for he attained his object much more effectively by enveloping them with air, and at the same time achieved a more complete harmony of all within his frame, as we may see in the "Mother's Portrait," or the "Carlyle." Moreover, to me there is a feeling of the warmth and purity of the colour of real sunlight about many of them, as if they were painted in a room on the sunny side of the house. The background of the "Balcony" picture would certainly suggest this to have been so.

In the White House I saw also the portraits of F. R. Leyland and Mrs. Leyland before they were sent home. The former was exhibited at the Memorial Show in London; the latter I have not seen since, but the memory of its exquisite harmony of pink and white dress remains as of one of his masterpieces. Whistler had also been at work upon portraits of three Miss Leylands: one in a black riding-habit, with silk hat, standing against a dark panelled wall; another in white

muslin, with many flounces, and a large white hat. Sketches of both pictures are illustrated in M. Duret's *Life*, as is the third, the "Blue Girl," representing the youngest daughter, then known as "Baby Leyland," dressed all in blue, against a blue background. For this subject there were many pastel studies, and I think, from certain remarks he made to me, that Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was in his mind when he determined to attack this very difficult problem. He destroyed the first painting, leaving only the lower half of the canvas with two blue and white pots of flowers, which formed part of the background. These were preserved in the form of two panels, and are now in Mr. Freer's collection.

He also began another of the same scheme, with Connie Gilchrist as model, but had, perhaps, only one sitting; yet the problem so interested him that when he returned from Venice he painted another young girl in a similar pose and arrangement, and exhibited it at the Grosvenor under the title of "Scherzo in Blue." I think he withdrew this picture after a few days from the Gallery, and I have never heard of it since.

Whilst he was painting the various portraits of Mr. Leyland's family, "Baby" Leyland, a most charming and delightful subject, was used by him

as a model for numberless studies in pastel and black and white, not only for the "Blue Girl" picture, but in many other poses. Mrs. Leyland had a number of them, but it is curious that Whistler told me that Leyland himself never bought any studies from him, his interest being seemingly centred in paintings.

The Ruskin trial, which came after the *Fors Clavigera* review of the first Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, and was a source of intense excitement to us all, comes next. The actual trial, of course, did not take place until after the second Exhibition had been opened. I will not attempt to recall the details of the case, the story has been so often and so well told already; but I cannot refrain from recording my own recollections of the attitude of his brother artists at the time, when talking about Whistler's action in the case. It was not denied that the language of the libel was exaggerated, nay, wrong, but then one had to admit that the great Ruskin was privileged, and that one ought not to have dared to show resentment, certainly not to have brought an action against him! If it had been some ordinary critic the action might even have been justified. Moreover, after all, Whistler was

a "charlatan," said some. Well! any way they must have felt vindicated by the demonstration of Ruskin's power over the public purse, for *Punch's* lament,

> "I takes and paints,
> And no complaints,
> And sells afore I'm dry;
> When savage Ruskin
> Sticks his tusk in,
> And nobody 'll buy,"

proved true for poor Whistler, and there was no market for his pictures. Amongst the artists with whom I was familiar at that time the only ones I met who really acknowledged and appreciated his art were C. E. Holloway and E. J. Gregory, who were enthusiastic in their admiration of the "Valparaiso Harbour" sunset picture, then belonging to Howell, and for a short time in my father's keeping.

It is pitiful to remember how few of his fellow artists had the courage to appear for him. All honour to Albert Moore! Just before the trial Whistler arranged a number of his pictures in his studio, and amongst other men who went and studied them was Leighton. It was understood that he would appear for Whistler, but on the day of the trial he received a summons

J. Addington Wagner
The White House
Chelsea.

Dec. 24. 1878

to Windsor, and so did not get into the witness-box. But the incident which most impressed me at this time was Whistler coming to the office soon after the trial of the Ruskin case and reading the "Art and Art Critics" to my father and me in our little private room—emphasising the points, as he alone could do, and as he afterwards did in a similar manner when delivering the "Ten O'clock." Before he finally settled on its form for publication, he had an idea to use a fancy cover, and made many sketches for the purpose. One was a quite elaborate nocturne, which he drew in ink on brown paper, here reproduced. He evidently intended to make a lithograph himself, but questions of cost probably interfered, and finally type was used on brown paper.

After this came the bankruptcy. The expenses of the trial—which I believe had been met by his staunch friend and supporter Anderson Rose, the solicitor—added to his private debts and the cost of building the White House, brought things to a climax, and, after a formal meeting with his creditors, of a most amazing sort, he left London for Venice. But before he went he determined to work out his spite upon the man on whom he chose to lay the responsibility for all his finan-

cial troubles—Frederick Leyland. He painted caricatures of him, on a large canvas, called "The Gold Scab," and two smaller ones, "Mount Ararat" and the "Loves of the Lobsters." The first was sold at Sotheby's; the others came into my father's hands, having been bought for him with other canvases from Messrs. Waddell & Co., the trustees in the bankruptcy proceedings. They were given back to Whistler many years afterwards, with a number of full-length portraits, as I shall mention later. Whistler had thought that the three caricatures would have created a great sensation in the auction room, and have hurt Leyland badly, and he even wrote from Venice about them; yet Leyland took no notice, and, moreover, acted with real dignity over the Peacock Room, with its studied and obvious insult to himself.

When I saw the room for the first time, after Leyland's death, and before his collection was dispersed, there it was untouched. The blue china, which was part of the scheme, was still in its place on the shelves; still the "Princesse" presided from above the fireplace; still the two peacocks fought as they had done since the painter put the last touch upon them. By the side of the staircase were the panels Whistler had painted, and higher

up was the portrait of Leyland. I cannot but feel that Leyland scored in the end, for certainly he was a man of an amazingly advanced intellect, and rejoiced not only to gather around himself in his home the works of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Albert Moore, and Whistler, as well as pictures by the great Italian masters, but also to enshrine them in worthy surroundings; and his very acquiescence in the proposal that the Peacock Room should be so painted that the decorations might not clash with the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine"—the only picture at the time in the room—is, I think, proof enough of his taste and perfect appreciation of Whistler's art. Alas! that a little want of tact, possibly on both sides, should have brought about such a lamentable result. I read in Mr. Pennell's *Life* that the "Mount Ararat" and the "Loves of the Lobsters" have passed into Mr. Freer's great collection. I saw them often, but wish for the credit of the artist they had been destroyed—not that they are not clever, but their permanent inclusion in this national collection in America means a perpetual reminder of a very weak side of Whistler the man.

At the time the Peacock Room decorations were begun a very different filling was intended for the great wall over the sideboard, now occupied

by the fighting birds, for this was to have been the hanging place for "The Three Girls," the "Symphony in White, No. 4." Leyland had commissioned the picture, and at the time of the bankruptcy claimed the unfinished canvas, and satisfied Whistler's solicitor, Sir George Lewis, who ordered its delivery to him. This, I believe, was the same canvas which was afterwards shown at the Memorial Exhibition in London.

I began these little reminiscences with the intention of avoiding all reference to anything outside the actual technical works of the artist with whom I had been in touch, but I see in looking back how much of his energy was taken up by matters outside it. He felt any attack intensely, no doubt, and, being most sensitive, resented it. At one time, I remember, some incident had happened which he was angry about. I said to him that I did not think that the offender had intended to insult him. His answer was, that he ought to have known that it was an insult, that when he meant to insult any one he meant to, and there could be no doubt about it! This certainly was his attitude all through life, and it seemed to gather force near the end. Perhaps other great painters may have been similarly affected, but I have never heard that they preserved

PORTRAIT STUDY OF LADY

such works as the canvases above mentioned, which, indeed, are not worthy of their author, and are curiously at variance with his most cherished principles in art ; for they depend for their interest (such as it is) upon the literary association of the tale told.

CHAPTER III

IN 1879 Whistler left London for Venice. He had made arrangements with the Fine Art Society to do a set of twelve etchings of that famous city, and they advanced certain very needful sinews of war on the security of a portfolio of proofs and sketches. He took with him a box of new copperplates and etching materials, which my father gave him, and also a supply of a special brown paper, which we had been fortunate enough to find, and upon which were drawn the greater part of the pictures shown in the Venice pastels. During the fourteen months he was away he kept up a fairly regular correspondence with my father, but by some unhappy mischance these letters have been mislaid or lost, and I have not been able to refer to them again. It is to be hoped that they will be found, as they were full of great interest, with remarks about Ruskin and Tintoret, amongst other matters.

This Venice visit was perhaps the most memorable time in his life. It was in some ways a sort of "hiatus" between two different kinds of work,

and during its course another series of works was produced which had never been attempted before and was never repeated afterwards—I mean the Venice pastels. Later on, when speaking of their exhibition, one may treat them in detail. The Venice etchings, though very greatly differing from the Thames series, are but a link in the etched work which extended through his life. Otto Bacher, who was with him most of the time, wrote a most interesting account of what he did in Venice. Whistler gave me an introduction to Bacher at a later period, when he was studying in Paris, and as we lived in the same hotel, he naturally told me many things which had happened. They are mostly to be found in his book, but seeing that it is the work of an American, and published in America, I suppose one must not wonder at the omission of one tale which I heard from him. The story runs that, on Commemoration Day, the American students had got up a banquet, and Whistler was present; and being pressed to speak—*he did*, and dwelt at such inordinate length upon the virtues of America, and its love of art and many other matters, that the rest of the company threatened to do dreadful things to him if he didn't shut up!

He had a very rough time in Venice, and was

occasionally in great straits through want of money, yet he seems to have religiously hoarded all the works he was doing, with the intention of making a really great show when he returned to London ; otherwise he might have relieved his immediate needs by selling some to the many friends and admirers he found there. He went to Venice to work, and work he did, like a Trojan. Through a winter of notable severity, he worked out of doors, holding his copperplate, almost as cold as ice, in his hand. I was told by one who was with him that even his clothes began to give out, and could not be replaced, but that he was, as usual, equal to the occasion ; for when the soft felt hat, which he wore from the earliest times (until in the '80's he adopted the flat-brimmed silk hat) got badly torn, this friend surreptitiously stitched it up. But he would not have it so, and ripped the stitches out, repeating the quotation, "a darn is premeditated poverty, but a tear is the accident of a moment !"

When at last he returned to London, my father was one of the first people he called upon. He was at the time anxious that it should not be known that he had returned, until he was quite ready to make his public *entrée*. There was a small lunch at the Hummums in Covent

Garden, with a bottle of '47 port to celebrate the event. Whistler was full of anecdotes, and very enthusiastic about Tintoret's paintings, which he had seen in Venice. He was then of opinion that the three greatest painters were, in order of merit, Tintoret, Rembrandt and Velasquez, with Paul Veronese very little behind them. He expressed also a great admiration for Canaletti, whom he placed infinitely before Guardi. Then he was very keen about a new system of drawing which he said had come upon him quite suddenly, and which would enable any one understanding it always to make a fine and interesting picture. For some reason he would not tell me what it was then, but promised to do so later on, though he never did; and I think he soon forgot it as a theory, by constantly using it in practice. It is not very difficult to learn from a study of his works that it consisted in concentrating one's attention upon the core of the subject, and gradually adding the accessories as found necessary.

Shortly afterwards he started on the proving of the set of plates for the Fine Art Society, who had taken a first-floor suite of two rooms for him at the north-west corner of Air Street and Regent Street, in the Quadrant over a stationer's shop. The rooms were kept by a Frenchwoman. I

was working in the schools at South Kensington then, but as Whistler wanted to have some one with him, I had that privilege during the whole of this historic time, fetching and carrying, and preparing his materials, and generally making myself useful. Among other things, I had to see to the proper damping of the old Dutch paper, and its careful brushing to remove any loose hairs or other matters before it was used for printing on, and to press the proofs very carefully and thoroughly, that they might be quite flat before being seen. He had not then taken to his later custom of cutting off the margins of the paper beyond the subject.

It was not an ideal room for the purpose, being poorly lit in daytime, notwithstanding its large bay window, for it was late in the year (1880). The Society had had it fitted up with a drugget to protect the carpet (of which more anon), a bench, with gas fittings for the hot-plate, &c., and a printing-press. In the spare time I made a little painting of the interior, with Whistler at work, biting a plate, and my father by the window, which I have reproduced; in the foreground is a curious dog, which some very misguided friend had given him, I think in Venice. It was a white "Pom," and led a miserable exist-

ence, as we had no accommodation for animals. It was a great responsibility, and I don't think Whistler was fond of such pets. I could not get it to "sit" for me. Out of our window you looked under the balustrading which crosses Air Street at part of the Quadrant, and my having made a little pastel of the subject seemed to call Whistler's attention to its possibilities, for he forthwith drew the little plate "Regent's Quadrant."

Our landlady ministered to our wants to the extent of tea and an egg for lunch, when we did not migrate across the road to the Café Royal to get his favourite *croûte au pot.* Even then he could not leave his work behind him, but talked all the time about the plates; he had not settled which of the many subjects he had brought back should form the twelve, and amongst our illustrations is the reproduction of a sheet of paper on which he drew those he proposed at that moment; and also an alternative, "The Dyer." It is interesting to note that they are all drawn the right way round, as he saw them in nature, not as they appear in the prints. He had a habit of making little sketches in pen-and-ink when sitting and talking, often to illustrate what he was referring to, and his memory of pictures he had painted was wonderful.

Whilst he was working in Air Street there came a request for an illustration, from the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. He thought at first of doing a lithograph, and I took him to see a certain court on the south side of the Strand, since cleared away; but the wind was in the east, and there were no children about, and so he could not get a subject out of it. Then I took him to the rooms at the top of a house in Lancaster Place, occupied by the Rev. Henry White of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, the rooms in question having at that time one of the most splendid views over the river towards Westminster, but he did not fancy the subject. I introduced the two men to one another, but it was, I found, not at all necessary, for they were both lions in Society, and, as such, quite well acquainted. Many years later he drew almost this same view from the Savoy Hotel, and called it "Savoy Pigeons." He eventually made the plate called "Alderney Street," from the window of a friend's house, for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, but before this he made two pen-drawings of the "Carlyle" from memory, one of which is here illustrated. The other was shown at the Memorial Exhibition in London. They were both most suggestive of the character of the original, but did not satisfy him for the purpose

MEMORY SKETCH OF THE CARLYLE PORTRAIT

intended. One morning he did not turn up, but there was a letter to explain his absence to me; it was the first I had had from him, and was amusing in a way. It said that he had a bad cold, but hoped to come later on (which he did), and he signed it "A very sick butterfly."

I never have come across any one who could exist upon so little food as Whistler whilst he was at work, and this trait, I fear, struck me rather forcibly just then, as I was young and growing, and so found him rather trying on this point. Still one did not think much of such a thing as food whilst watching him at work, for it was most fascinating to follow the biting and retouching of plates. He brought back the plate of the "Little Venice," only drawn with the needle. He had done it from one of the islands, to which there are excursions by steamboat, allowing an hour or two on shore before returning. This plate I saw him bite in, holding it in one hand and moving the acid about with a feather, and without any stopping out. The first impression of it printed was quite satisfactory, and he did not need to rebite or reduce any part of it, which, considering that it must have been at least two months, perhaps far more, since he drew it, showed not only wonderful skill in biting, but an amazing memory as well. In

contrast to the ease with which this was done, was the infinite pains he took over two of the most splendid of the subjects, "The Beggars" and "The Traghetto." In the former, he had almost finished the plate whilst in Venice, and everything was satisfactory except the figure of a man walking away through the dark passage. Again and again this figure was taken out and redrawn, but always with a reference to nature, as I know, having done duty as the model.

The plate of "The Traghetto" had a very remarkable history, of which Bacher tells the Venetian part, enriching his narrative with excellent illustrations. It had been drawn twice. The first plate having been spoiled, he redrew it, but could not get the same quality that he had obtained in a certain early proof of the first plate, and he was greatly troubled with it. Again and again he took the charcoal and lightened it, only to rebite the whole again. It was the last of the set he had to prove, and as the invitations for the private view had been sent out I was very anxious lest he should fail to get it ready in time. This made him dub me "Croaker," but at last all came right; he obtained the silvery quality he wanted, and the lantern with its reflected light at the end of the dark archway, and the

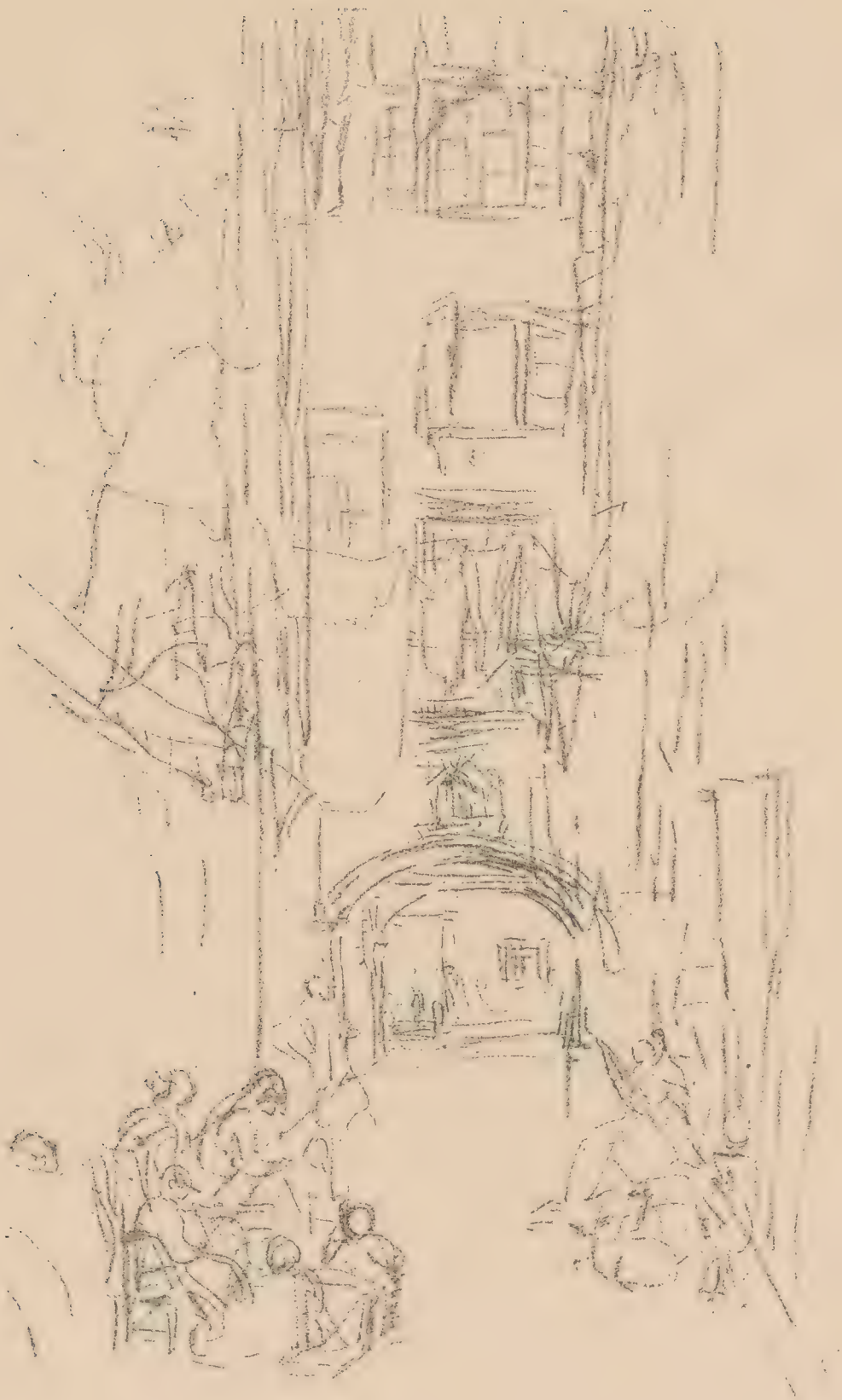
leaves falling from the little trees in front—just in time.

There was a rather amusing episode in connection with this exhibition. The directors of the Fine Art Society had sent out invitations to many hundreds of people, and they felt that to show only twelve plates at the private view was quite ridiculous, and that it was necessary to provide some other interest for the expected visitors. So, by way of support to the *pièce de résistance*, they proposed having a show of printing in the same gallery, and arranged with F. Goulding, the famous printer of etchings, to have a press working there; and, no doubt thinking to please him, wrote Whistler quite a nice little letter to tell him about it! It is impossible to describe its effect. He threw down the plate on which he was working at the time, and cussed and swore at large, and in particular! Very slowly, but at last, I got him to consent to reply to the letter, but only in the form of an ultimatum to the effect that he would not have any meerschaum pipe-making, or spun-glass works, or other foolery to take the people's attention from his etchings, and that if the Society would not undertake to do away with their proposed printing show, he would not go on with his proving. This letter he wrote as no one else could, and I carried

it round to Bond Street, and, assuring them that he was in earnest, took back a promise which set him to work again.

We contrived to keep the secret of his workshop at the time pretty close, and had very few visitors indeed. His brother, the Doctor, occasionally came, and he, together with Maud Franklin (who was in very bad health, the result of the severe times they had had in Venice) and my father, who occasionally came to help with his papers, almost completed the list of visitors; but Howell found us out and came one evening. Now Howell was not at all in Whistler's good graces at the time, and it was amusing to see the treatment he got. He had to appeal to me as to whether the plates were fine or not! Whistler would tell him nothing, but went on working, and occasionally spread a proof on the floor to look at, but at such a distance that Howell could not see it! There were never the same relations between the two men that had existed before the Venice visit.

Amongst our illustrations are two plates of Venice subjects, a canal and some beadstringers at work. They were probably preliminary sketches before beginning etchings, for they were each drawn upon the sheets of paper in which new copperplates are wrapped when they come from the



makers' shop. I have not tried to identify them with his etchings, but any one who does so must remember that these are drawn as the subjects appear in nature, and the prints, if they exist, will be reversed. I have seen a number of similar drawings, but I know it was not his general practice, for I saw him begin new subjects directly on the plate without any preliminary sketching.

Whistler's attitude towards the outside public is commonly supposed to have been one that ignored all criticism or suggestion, but I never found it so. He constantly appealed to those about him as to how they liked the work he was engaged upon and what they thought of it? And I know that if I ventured to hint that I did not quite understand some point or another, I was not jumped upon, but it was explained or modified. One day he called in our landlady to hear what she would say to the Venice plates. "You know, we must consider these devils sometimes," was his explanation; and it was amusing to watch the good woman's bewilderment as she answered, "Yes, they are very nice, Mr. Whistler, but when are you going to finish them?" adding, as she pointed to some French etchings after pictures hung on the walls, "like those, now!"

If it was interesting to watch the biting of

plates and the gradual development of the perfect picture, it was even more fascinating to see him print them. During this period he depended very greatly upon a painting of printing ink upon the plate to help complete his pictures, especially in the watery foregrounds of which there were several amongst the Venice set; and it was little short of marvellous to see how he graduated and softened the ink with the palm of his hand. I believe that as a simple etching-printer he could have earned as good wages as any man living. He was accustomed to pull through his plates on the press himself, a feat requiring no little strength, and the muscular development of his arms and chest was such as he was not a little proud of. One could quite understand and believe the tales Dr. Whistler told of his prowess with his fists on various occasions in Paris during student days. Some years later an incident took place in the foyer of Drury Lane Theatre, when he publicly thrashed a Mr. Moore who had insulted the memory of E. W. Godwin; in the rush of the crowd of onlookers to intervene, Whistler was pushed off his balance and fell. He was chagrined at the fall, and came to me and described the incident, as he was anxious that the truth should be known and remembered.

One day I questioned him regarding the possibilities of printing etchings in colour, but he was horrified at the notion; it was to his mind so utterly contrary to the principles of the art. Now that one can see many experiments of colour-printing by different etchers, I for one entirely agree with Whistler's dictum.

But whilst he was particular enough in all matters connected with his work, he was not a little casual in other affairs, and the days did not pass without one or two exciting episodes. It was his custom on cold days to heat the acid which he used for biting-in, and this was generally done by standing the bottle of mixture on the iron-plate, heated with a gas ring, used in printing. One morning, by one of those extraordinary coincidences which are altogether inexplicable, I was telling Whistler a story I had just before heard from a chemical student of King's College, about an accident which had happened in the laboratory, and which seemed to have been led up to by a conversation between the Professors, when, right at the point of my tale, came a loud crack, and the room was full of steam. He had stood the half-gallon bottle of very strong mixture of nitric acid and water on top of the cold heating-plate, and having turned the gas up full, had forgotten to re-

move the stopper. Another day a bottle of caustic potash was upset on the floor! I believe there was a row about the condition of the carpet afterwards!

To the first Exhibition of Venice etchings succeeded the Venice pastels. What a triumph the show was! The etchings had called forth comparison with the Thames plates; inevitably, I suppose, since many folk could understand the almost extreme definition of most of the Thames series to whom the softer, more painter-like treatment of the Venice plates did not appeal. But the pastel show was new, and all were carried away by its jewel-like brilliancy, and tender suggestions. I venture to think that few who visited the exhibition will fail to recall "The Storm," "Nocturne—The Riva," the three "Sunsets in Red and Gold," or the "Fishing Boats" with the yellow and black sails. An interesting episode occurred whilst these pastels were being drawn in Venice, and as I had the story from Whistler, and also from another artist who was present, I may as well repeat it. There were many artists of different nationalities working in the city, and there was much talk and enthusiasm about these pastels. But amongst the talkers was a certain quite well-

known artist who pooh-poohed them, saying that any one could do them who had the brown paper and a box of pastels, and himself offered to prove it. No sooner was this said than the challenge was taken up by a friend of Whistler's, and a dinner, to be paid for by the loser, fixed as stakes; also judges were elected, of whom Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., was one. Well, things did not go smoothly with the challenger, he could not get the right coloured paper, nor the right coloured chalks, but even these points were made easy, for Whistler supplied what was asked for from his own box. At last the drawings were done, and were shown amongst Whistler's pastels. Vain challenge, the Committee picked them all out at once! He showed me his pastels, at his brother's house, soon after his return, and, I think, these imitations too. He told me of one occasion there, when on a Lagoon, one morning, the reflections were actually clearer and more brilliant than the objects reflected, a condition which astonished him, and which he could not understand. He also described a subject which he saw one winter evening, so absolutely beautiful and so perfect a picture (a courtyard, with a statue in it, I think), that it was not possible for him to draw it, and he said that there are some things, as the Venus de Milo, for instance,

which in themselves are perfect, and which it would be vain to try to reproduce.

The small gallery at the Fine Art Society was specially decorated by him for the Exhibition. It had a high dado, covered with a rather dark, warm, green stuff; and, above, a frieze of Venetian red, divided from it by a wooden beading, gilt with rich gold, whilst the skirting-board below was gilt with a redder gold. The effect was very perfect; the means used very simple, as in most of his room decorations, and forming a delightful background to the pastels which looked like so many gems upon the walls. It is interesting, I think, to remember his treatment of frames. From the first he was original in them, and always considered that they formed part of the whole scheme of the picture, hence the colour of the frame was of vital consequence. At the period of the "Little White Girl" he used a nearly flat moulded frame, with an incised pattern of a Japanese character all over it, and painted certain of the flowers with colour to harmonise with the picture, upon the simple gold. Later on he designed a reeded wooden frame, which had a broad flat in its centre, and he painted a Japanese design upon it, often putting his signature there too. The frame of the Tate Gallery picture of the

fireworks under old Battersea Bridge is an example, but he also used several colours of gold, red, pale, and green, the last-named especially for nocturnes and pictures where blue was the dominant colour. In the Venice pastels the variation of colours was very notable. I was so much interested in this exhibition that I made a thumb-note of the composition of each of the fifty-three subjects, noting the colour of gold used for each frame, and, in addition, made colour notes of a few—as a record and means of identification. These little sketches are reproduced in our illustrations.

In his use of pastel, Whistler differed from the great majority of his predecessors. They treated it as if it were paint, stumping and blending the pigments and piling on huge quantities upon prepared paper. He, following the manner of Watteau, used it always as a drawing. Sometimes he blended the backgrounds of his figure-studies, rubbing them with his finger-tips, but even when he did so there is very little chalk upon them. My father used to have, hanging in his office, a pastel of a little nude figure, which he had bought from Whistler many years before; it is now in Mr. Freer's collection, and I made a lithograph of it in colour for M. Duret's *Life*. One day Whistler had

it out of its frame, and borrowing my pocket-box of pastels he spent nearly the whole of a day in retouching it, and raised its key of tone amazingly, adding the red background it now has.

It is curious to think that although he had worked in this medium for many years, making studies for portraits and drawings of the nude and slightly-draped figures, yet he never seems to have used pastels before in the manner he did in Venice, nor, so far as I have seen, did he repeat it afterwards. Water-colour, which he then began using for landscape work, took its place. The pastel is little more liable to destruction than any other medium, and if properly protected will keep its brilliancy for all time, not suffering from any toning by time, such as oil-paintings are liable to. Neither have I found that pastels fade as water-colours sometimes do, and they certainly have qualities which no other medium can rival. I should greatly like to have seen a series of pastels by him of our grey London, which he knew so well.

He told Mrs. W. Whistler that he confessed he was a little homesick in Venice with its eternal blue skies, and that he pined for London with its hansoms and fogs, "of which I am the painter."

CHAPTER IV

DURING the years after his return to London from Venice, Whistler's time was very fully occupied. He painted many portraits and began many more which were never finished; and he was also busy printing the hundred sets of twelve Venice etchings for the Fine Art Society, besides other etchings of his own. Thus there was little time for him to spare to make new lithographs. It happened that my father had in his employ an old French printer, named Champagne, who had served his apprenticeship with Lemercier, the great Paris firm of lithographic printers, where they also printed etchings. Whistler, knowing his skill in proving his own lithographs, begged his help at his studio over his plates, and for some time the old man went to Tite Street and was very useful. But he could not get on with the long hours and short pay, for if he worked "overtime" he was in the habit of being paid for it, and this side of affairs did not seem to occur to Whistler. On the other

hand, Whistler was so pleased with Champagne that he gave him quite a nice collection of photographs of his pictures, inscribed to him, as well as several etchings, notably the "Furnace Murano," for the figure in which he had posed the old man as a model. I remember Champagne saying how amazed he had been at seeing Whistler cut round his proofs close to the work after they were printed, using the point of a knife and without any guide but his eye. This practice of cutting off the outside margins of paper was done in order that the proof should lie perfectly even and flat when dried and pressed. It is very difficult to make a sheet of paper which has been used to print an etching upon quite flat, as the enormous pressure over the plate alone, presses that to perhaps half the thickness of the margins. On the other hand, cutting these margins off leaves the proof with no "handle" to hold it by.

Then, too, he began using water-colour for small work pretty frequently. In his very early days he had done some few little pictures in this medium, perhaps the most important being the illustration to Sam Weller's tale of the cobbler in the debtor's prison, from *Pickwick*, but he must have soon given it up, and not used it again until he went to Venice, where he completed

[BLANK PAGE]

a few subjects in water-colour and began others which he finished in pastel. His first new experiment with it was a drawing of London Bridge by afternoon light, done from Old Swan Pier. It is very lovely, though he was not satisfied with the way the material had worked, and called it "muddy"; but this was hypercriticism. Not long afterwards he spent a short time in Guernsey and Jersey, and brought back some exquisite little pictures in this medium, some of which he exhibited at the Grosvenor. This trip also resulted in several splendid oil-paintings, which I have never seen since; notably one of a vast deep blue wave, painted from the steamer near the Casquet rocks. I have a vivid recollection of the extraordinary liquidity and transparency of the water, so characteristic of the sea in those parts, all given, seemingly, in one great sweep of the brush. There was also the nocturne "Southampton Water."

I have a notion that his interest in water-colour dated from an introduction to C. E. Holloway, at my father's house. Among the pictures there, was a certain great sea-piece of Gorleston, by Holloway, and Whistler in the most charming manner offered the artist his congratulations upon its achievement, to which he responded in a quite suitable manner, and I remember Whistler

saying that he would like to go down the river painting with him. He asked me, too, many questions as to the technique of water-colour, and as to the keeping of the whole work wet, but it did not take him long to find his own way and perfect it. His trouble at first was, I know, the idea of the necessity of working upon white paper. He never, then, painted upon white canvas, for, though he may have used it for some of his earliest pictures, he had long ago given it up, generally using a rather dark grey ground. Almost all his pastels are drawn upon brown paper, or a ground equally dark, and he told me that the idea of working in water-colour mixed with white as a body-colour upon white paper was wrong in principle. Possibly it is; but he soon overcame the objection, and found that he could get a quality which gave him, perhaps, a greater refinement than he could get in either oil or pastel. This may have been the reason why he never repeated his landscape triumphs of the Venice pastels in that material.

I saw a good deal of him during these years, —before the time of his taking up lithography again seriously—at his studios and at the house of his brother, Dr. Whistler, who, with his wife, was one of the most self-sacrificing of his admirers, and whom it was my great privilege to know very

intimately. Whistler had the real childlike faith in his brother's skill as a physician, and used to say that if anything happened to the Doctor, he himself would soon die, as he looked after him so carefully, and that he was a "great magician" in medicine. The two brothers formed as great a contrast as it is possible to imagine, as far, at least, as character was concerned. A little taller, the Doctor was generally much stouter, but once when he came home from a course at Homburg his resemblance to his brother was very considerable. His manner was slow and sedate, and entirely opposed to any form of push and advertisement; as a result, whilst he was at one time, perhaps, the leading laryngologist in London, he failed to reap any considerable pecuniary benefit from his skill. He responded to the call of the South, and went through the Civil War in the United States, serving as a surgeon under Lee. He was full of anecdotes about his experiences, and when, afterwards, he settled down in London, he was very much *persona grata* in the Rossetti circle, about which he had much to say, especially about Frederick Sandys, with whom they came much in contact. In the course of his medical studies he taught his brother how to draw a larynx from a living subject by means of the

laryngoscope, and I have a proof of a wood-engraving of one. This may seem a very slight matter to do, but I know from experience, having done several for the Doctor, that it is about as difficult a task as any one can undertake, the work having to be done with lightning rapidity and great exactitude. I have a charming appreciation of Dr. Whistler, written by one of his *confrères* after his death, in which he speaks of his most lovable character, and, indeed, all who knew him loved him, when they could only spare admiration for his painter brother.

By the way, it is amusing to note that whilst they both were born in America, they both came here to spend the best of their lives, and that the Doctor seemed to delight to trace his ancestors back through a certain famous physician, mentioned by Pepys, who lived in Essex. Thus only two generations lived in America before the greater part of the family returned to the old home.

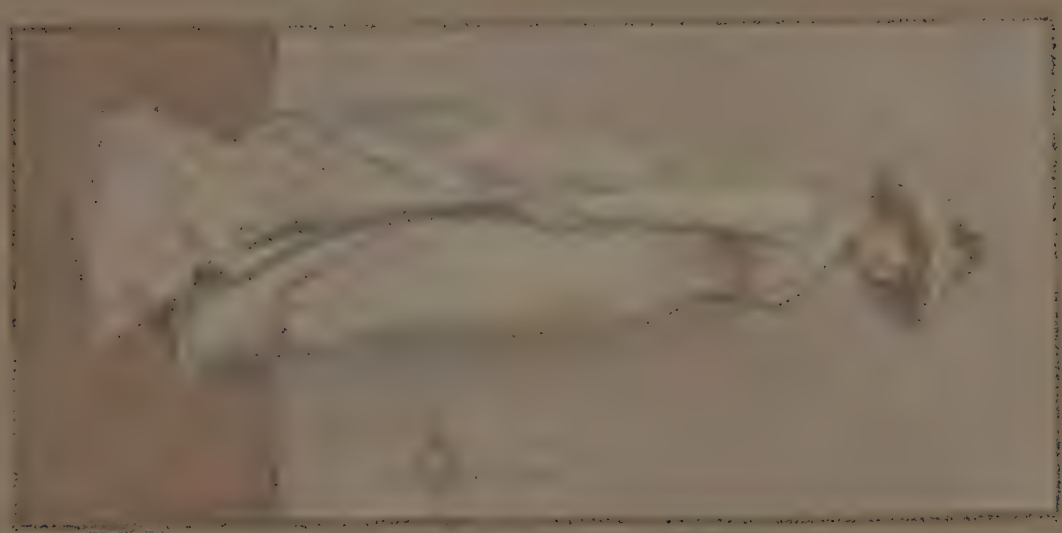
Matters were fairly prosperous about this period, when he had a studio in Tite Street, almost next door, I think, to the White House. His decoration of the interior of this house was, as usual, very original. The whole place was sacrificed to the big studio in its arrangement, so that when one had been admitted by his manservant John,

who, with his wife, kept the place for Whistler, one was shown into a small dining-room, with a low-pitched ceiling, walls distempered in a rather dark green-blue, with simple straight yellow curtains by the window, and very plain cane-seated chairs painted a bright yellow. A white cloth was on the table, with some few pieces of blue and white upon it; and on the bare wall opposite the window one small square hanging pot, I think Japanese, so perfectly placed as to fill its wall, so that one did not feel the want of anything else—though it was a curious lesson to teach visitors, that "pictures" were quite unnecessary in decoration, from a man whose work in life was to produce pictures to be hung upon their walls!

One generally had to wait in this room some considerable time; then through a rather dark passage one entered the big light studio with its pale flesh-coloured walls. I do not think he slept there at all. Part of the time, when he first returned from Venice, he was living with his brother at 28 Wimpole Street—a fine Queen Anne house, with splendid mantelpieces. Later on, he took a house in the Vale, King's Road, Chelsea, now swept away. It was a charming spot, and a quaint late Georgian house with a good-sized garden. Here he lived for some considerable time, even

when he moved his studio to Fulham. He said of it, "the place is too lovely, you might be in the depth of the country." The lithograph called "The Garden," in which are portraits of a number of his friends, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Sidney Starr, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sickert, besides Mrs. Whistler, was, I believe, drawn in this garden.

In the Tite Street studio he painted M. Duret's portrait and the three portraits of Lady Meux, of which the chief one represents her in a low-necked dress of black velvet, relieved against a black background by a great white fur mantle hanging from the shoulders, and wearing a tiara and necklet of diamonds of great size. This picture, which may very well be described as the State portrait, was exhibited at Suffolk Street, but has not been shown publicly since, as Lady Meux would not permit it to be moved from the wall it hangs upon. It is a memorable picture, and one of his finest. When it was finished the Prince and Princess of Wales—our late King and Queen—visited Whistler's studio to see it. They had been to see some pictures at the studio of C. Pellegrini, famous at that time for the Vanity Fair cartoons—with whom Whistler was very friendly. Whistler was present at the visit, and proposed that they should cross the road to his studio—



for Pellegrini's was just opposite—and they did so, and expressed their admiration of the picture.

The second portrait of Lady Meux, in pink and grey, with the hat, is quite familiar, but the third is very little known indeed. Amongst the illustrations are reproductions of two small pastels, which I made from these two portraits whilst in the studio. In view of the number of sittings Whistler wanted, and his severe treatment of his models, I think it enormously to the credit of Lady Meux that she should have continued through two, and started on a third, portrait, in which she was painted wearing a mantle of Russian sables. There was a story that, being one day not up to the mark, she sent her maid to stand for her, dressed in the sables. This so offended Whistler that promptly the maid's face appeared in place of the mistress's, and, if the picture still exists, there it probably remains ! It may be true or false, but I certainly heard it at the time. There had been even a talk of a fourth portrait, to be in a riding-habit.

In Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Life* there is given an account by Mr. Pennington of an amazing incident between Whistler and Lady Meux, which was very much quoted by the press at the time of her death, with the evident intention of showing how she triumphed over Whistler, who

had seemingly lost his temper. But before that time I had heard him speak of the extremely difficult position he found himself in when he came in contact with Mr. H. Meux (as he was then), from whom he had to obtain payment for the portraits, but whose interests in life hardly coincided with Whistler's art. The keenness with which he painted these portraits engrossed him entirely, and Lady Meux used to boast that she taught him how to paint, so much did she appreciate them. She had been introduced to him by a fellow-member of one of the Clubs he belonged to, and this friend must have been a very strong admirer of his work. Whistler instanced this as one of the advantages of belonging to a number of different Clubs.

He was always very kind to students. Whilst working at South Kensington at that time, small parties of us were received by him, and he took delight in showing us his work, and would criticise and advise us on our own efforts. Once he invited quite a number of friends to see a picture, and put on the easel "La Mère Gérard," which he had borrowed from Swinburne, to whom it belonged, and Whistler described it as a "Tintoret"! He revived, too, a project of having pupils, which he had started before he went to Venice, and I re-

member his showing me a small dry-point by one who I think wished to be so enrolled. At the first glance it looked like one of his own latest plates, and as its author was a very young man I ventured to say that I did not think he should be doing such work, then. "Well, why should not he start where I leave off?" was the reply; I said, "What you are doing is only the fruit of many years' experience," but he could not see it.

I shall never forget a lesson which he gave me one evening. We had left the studio when it was quite dusk, and were walking along the road by the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, when he suddenly stopped, and pointing to a group of buildings in the distance, an old public-house at the corner of a road, with windows and shops showing golden lights through the gathering mist of twilight, said, "Look!" As he did not seem to have anything to sketch or make notes on, I offered him my note-book; "No, no, be quiet," was the answer; and after a long pause he turned and walked back a few yards; then, with his back to the scene at which I was looking, he said, "Now, see if I have learned it," and repeated a full description of the scene, even as one might repeat a poem one had learned by heart. Then we went on, and soon there came another picture which appealed to me

even more than the former. I tried to call his attention to it, but he would not look at it, saying, "No, no, one thing at a time." In a few days I was at the studio again, and there on the easel was the realisation of the picture.

This incident, which illustrates his capacity for rapidly taking in a subject as a whole, and retaining the impression until he could realise it in painting, seems to me to throw a considerable light on the aim of much of his work, and to reveal, in no small measure, the secret of its charm. I think he was sleeping at his brother's house at that time, but whether so or not I was very greatly interested when, amongst some little pen-sketches which Mrs. W. Whistler lately showed me, I recognised one of the subject here described (see illustration). I think he must have made it as soon as he got indoors, and as I had made a memory-sketch of his painting I was able to compare them and identify it. I have never seen the picture since. Mr. Luard wrote to me some time ago, suggesting that he probably learned this system of grasping his subjects from the French Professor, De Boisbaudran, who was teaching such a method at the time he was studying in Paris.[1]

[1] Mr. Luard has since published a translation of this Professor's work, *The Training of the Memory in Art*, in which he quotes the above

Whistler's magnetic influence on all who came in contact with him was extraordinary. We know how all the group of young artists, who gathered around him at that time in the early 'eighties, tried to paint like him, and such things as he pictured; and this was not to be wondered at, for whenever I had been with him in the studio, nature was always full of his pictures when I left, and the only impossibility was to realise the visions—and I have no doubt others found the same.

He gave me much advice as to portrait-painting. His own practice at this period was to start with the most limited palette—Venetian red, black and white—painting upon a grey coloured canvas a simple oval for the head, and gradually finding the forms in a very low tone, adding other pigments as the work developed. He constantly used turpentine to dilute the colours, often to such an extent that when he had painted a great sweep

anecdote as I told it in my lecture at the Art Workers' Guild, and I think he may be said fairly to establish his claim to Whistler as a pupil; but I would venture to point out that whilst the system is an excellent one, its results depend upon the mind using it, which has the duty of selecting what is worth committing to memory; for it is obvious that the same training would give the power to record a commonplace scene with just the same accuracy. Indeed, this system is in that respect very much on a par with the theory of the art of drawing which Whistler spoke about on his return from Venice. In the hands of a master both will produce fine pictures; neither will help in the artist's right of selection.

of colour, the pigment which was almost as thin as water ran down in streaks. Sometimes he did not correct these accidents at the moment, and they were not easy to get rid of after they had dried. Turpentine so used is most fascinating, but I fear it has been one of the causes of the serious cracking of some of his pictures in later years, especially when they have been subject to the heat of the galleries in public exhibitions. I do not remember to have seen any traces of cracking in any of his pictures at that period.

I was painting a portrait of Dr. Whistler, at his Wimpole Street house, in 1883, and Whistler came and advised me about it, taking my brushes and working on the canvas to explain his meaning. I found that whenever I showed him anything I had done, his criticisms were based upon my point of view, as it were, and dealt with principles, leaving the selection of subjects, and even the execution almost alone; thus doing nothing to interfere with the individuality of the student, but in the kindest way helping him with advice. One point he was very insistent on—the keeping the whole canvas wet at the same time. With each step upward in tone and definition, the whole picture must advance together, not be completed in a piecemeal sort of fashion as was taught by

some Professors then; and Whistler practised this himself, and was, I remember, very critical of his "State" portrait of Lady Meux, because he had done some slight painting upon her arm after it had dried.

He constantly varied the texture of his canvases, which he used to prime himself. Sometimes they were of the coarsest sacking, at other times as thin and smooth as unglazed calico. The "Mother's Portrait" was, unless my memory plays me false, painted upon the reverse side of an ordinary white primed canvas; and on this, before he had reversed it, he had traced down a cartoon of the "Three Girls," having pricked it through in the old manner, and then outlined the figures with a fine red line.

The usual theory about oil-painting is, that if painted upon a dark ground the brilliancy in time will be lost, and sink into the ground, as it were. I do not think this has happened to his works so far. He told me he did not want any "toning" from age to come on his pictures, but that they should remain as he left them.

He came to us, too, to superintend the production of those entertaining catalogues of his exhibitions at Dowdeswell's Gallery, with their collections of press abuse. They are amazing to read, but

could not any really distinguished painter gather together something similar if he agreed to spend the time in doing so? Sir W. Q. Orchardson would have had little difficulty, I should think, in making a catalogue of such vilification!

On some of these occasions he took me out with him sketching, at one time on the embankment at Chelsea, where he made a water-colour with the suspension bridge in the distance; or, again, we explored the now vanished Clare Market, and he found the subject of a charming little etching. These were memorable lessons, when one could watch the subject grow under his hands. I think, too, it was about this time that he came and showed us, with great distress, the delightful little plate of Fitzroy Square, which is here illustrated. He had drawn it, and as he was about to put it away by some accident dropped it on the ground, and it was scratched all over. As it seemed a hopeless matter to attempt to paint out the scratches, he proposed to clean off the plate. But my father obtained it from him, to keep as a curiosity, I suppose, and carefully put it away and forgot all about it until it was accidentally discovered some years after Whistler's death, when he gave it to me. The covering had been so good that the drawing was quite bright copper,

and had not tarnished at all; but I knew that if exposed to the air these lines would soon turn as black as the varnish on the plate. So having very little experience in biting-in etchings myself, I consulted three of our most distinguished etchers as to what ought to be done with it—Sir C. Holroyd, Mr. W. Strang, and Sir. Frank Short, and each said that it ought to be bitten-in at once. At my request Sir Frank agreed to do so. Moreover, he has painted out with infinite patience and care all the accidental scratches, so that the little picture appears just as Whistler drew it. It is thus an etching drawn by Whistler, and etched or bitten-in by Sir Frank Short, and I am sure that the result is just the same to see as if Whistler had done the etching, for not only is Sir Frank Short's skill and knowledge of technique unrivalled, bnt Whistler made use of his help in the biting and printing of most of his latest plates.

Whistler was elected a member of the Society of British Artists in 1884, and its President in 1886. Mr. Pennell tells the story very fully, but he has omitted one item which I think has a certain interest. At this time the Presidents of the other artistic Societies were either knights or baronets,

and the old Society of Painters in Water-colours and the Institute had obtained Royal Charters. The time of the Royal Jubilee seemed a fitting opportunity for the Society of British Artists to apply for a similar honour. This, as Mr. Pennell tells us, Whistler did, and succeeded in obtaining it off his own bat, as it were. But the other point which was hoped for and talked about in his brother's circle and by other friends was the expected sequence of a knighthood. I remember his friends suggested many reasons and explanations as to why this did not come off. I wish it had, for I believe it would have made an enormous difference to the man—and, as his friends suggested, "Sir James Whistler" would have sounded very well. He certainly made a very charming present, worthy of royal acceptance, in the set of the Jubilee Review etchings, delightfully bound; and they were accepted, but, alas! they are no longer to be found in this country, but are now in America with so many more of his works, in Mr. Freer's collection.

R. D.F. 317-327

The connection with the now Royal Society of British Artists, which was an ill-assorted one—an example of trying to put new wine into old bottles—came to an end after a very few years. He exhibited there frequently of his best, but

a certain desire to be always before the public prompted him to do things which I do not think he would have permitted other painters to do. For instance, after J. C. Horsley, the R.A., had made an attack upon the use of the nude in art, Whistler borrowed from my father the very lovely pastel of a thinly-draped female figure called "The Purple Cap," and put a label on its frame, "Horsley soit qui mal y pense!" It was very amusing for the moment, but I think the Committee were right in protesting and removing the label.

After he parted from the Society there followed the dinner at Willis's Rooms, given him by a large number of his friends and admirers, in recognition of his election to the Royal Academy of Munich, and of his influence upon Art here. The Chairman, Mr. Underdown, Q.C., made a charming speech, one point of which I particularly remember—his description of Whistler as a new sort of butterfly, "Papilio mordens," a very apt name indeed! The hero's own speech was very short, and I confess that I was not able to remember it at all well, for he seemed to me to be very involved, to start ideas and lead one in the end to something quite opposite to what one expected! I tried to obtain a report at the time, but failed to get any which recalled his words at all satis-

factorily. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell quote a short part at the end which recalls the finish, probably in his own words, but it is not by any means the whole of Whistler's speech. The great gathering showed how many admirers he had. They were not quite happy about the very early termination of the function, and called upon others present for speeches, notably upon Sir W. Q. Orchardson, who, I think, did say a few words. The function was finished by Whistler and his brother shaking hands with each guest as he left, at a very much earlier hour than such meetings usually terminate.

He had extraordinary nomadic habits, and in a letter to *The World*, protesting about some alterations which had been made to the "White House," his reference to the inevitable "blue and white disc" makes one smile, for not one only, but I should think nearer a dozen discs would be wanted to mark his homes and studios in Chelsea and Fulham. How plain and severe those studios always were, true workshops—and how simple and charming the decorations of the rooms in the houses he lived in. It is a little curious to note that amongst these many places, with the exception, perhaps, of Lindsay House, where his early work was done, his name is connected most with the White

House, where he lived really less of his life than at any other of his London homes. He had a great liking for Tite Street however, for after he left the house next to the White House, he was for a short time in a studio on the opposite side of the road—this was before he moved to the great picturesque barn-like studio in Fulham.

About the time when he first went to the latter place, a curious incident happened, throwing a certain light upon his character, and exemplifying his, shall we say, freedom from conventional ideas. An intimate friend of mine, Cornelius Cox, whose fame still survives as a collector of old Wedgwood, took his pleasure in life in collecting, not only pottery but many other things, such as books, prints, and water-colours, and was gradually feeling his way upwards in the latter towards a high ideal. I had lost no opportunity of talking to him about Whistler's art, as was my duty and pleasure. Being well known as a ready buyer of what he was interested in, dealers were always calling on him, and one day he told me he had been offered two albums full of Whistler's letters. They seemed, from a slight glance, to be of a private nature, and as he thought they ought not to be on the market at all he bought them at once, and asked me to tell Whistler about the matter, saying that he

would like to return them to him. So the artist and his brother, the Doctor, went on the following Sunday afternoon to see Mr. Cox and examine the albums. They proved to contain the correspondence he had kept with Howell and other matters connected therewith, also some early letters he had written to his family, probably in school-days—I think one was to his mother—and at least one of his own cheques that had been returned dishonoured. Now this latter shocked Mr. Cox beyond anything, for he was very exact in all money matters; but Whistler made light of it as a very unimportant affair, and insisted upon the importance of his preserving another cheque which was drawn and paid by the trustee under his bankruptcy proceedings, because it showed that his creditors had been paid, however small the dividend!

It was arranged that Mr. Cox should bring the albums with him to Fulham and select some etchings in exchange for their cost. This he did, and I went with him. Whistler showed him many proofs of Venice and other plates, and when Mr. Cox had selected those he preferred, their price was found considerably to exceed the amount in question. He therefore offered to pay the difference, but Whistler would not hear of it, and packed the whole as chosen. I

am only sorry to have to add that some years afterwards, when these etchings were sold at Christie's on Mr. Cox's death, they failed to reach the sum he had paid for the albums, though nowadays they would have realised far more.

Whilst we were at the studio he showed us the fine full-length of Mr. Walter Sickert, and a portrait of a lady done by gaslight. It was a curious idea of his to attempt such a thing, as it was, of course, before the days of incandescent gas-burners or electric light, and he had had a sort of chandelier of argand burners made which gave a very yellow light, and consequently would falsify the appearance of the colours used when compared with their effect in daylight. I do not think he was very well satisfied with the result. Later on he made many lithographs by fire and candle light, and suggested their qualities perfectly, but these were in black and white only, which is quite another matter.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Cox was shown, by a gentleman who made a hobby of collecting medals, the gold medal which had been awarded Whistler by the Salon. I told Whistler about it, and learned that a loan had been raised on it, and the payments of interest overlooked, and it had been sold to the collector in question.

How vividly one recalls the "Ten O'clock" lecture in Prince's Hall on 20th February 1885, and its perfect delivery by the slim elegant figure standing alone on the platform. It was the most artistic arrangement conceivable. One's memory at once recalls his portrait of Sarasate—the most perfect of all his men's portraits—standing with the plainest background and surroundings, knowing, as the great violinist did, that he had a message to give which would interest and arouse his audience. And what an amazing message Whistler gave us, so entirely contrary to the teaching which had gone on for years, and which is still the popular pabulum of the press to-day, and will continue so to be till the end of time, I fear. One great passage, "The Evening Mist," has already passed into a classic, so frequently has it been quoted, but I was as much enthralled at the time by the description of the first artist. His manner of delivery on the first occasion was not quite as it should have been, as I found a difficulty in hearing him. I was near the back of the hall it is true, yet it is not a very long one. He was vexed when I told him this, charging me with deafness, which was not the case; but it is not at all an easy matter to make one's voice carry the length of even such a small hall as

Prince's, when one is not used to public speaking. Later on my father had the lecture set up in type for him, and after many corrections an edition of about twenty-five copies was printed, but his publishers, Chatto & Windus, further revised it and printed it themselves.

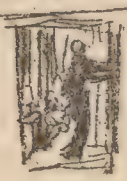
Yet what polishing and finishing had every phrase in the "Ten O'clock" lecture received from its author. It is an appeal for sincerity and truth in Art by a man who said to me on many occasions, "Nothing matters but the Truth," and spoken by one who had the right to say: "I am not arguing with you, I am telling you." Still, although one cannot grudge any effort which this cost him, any more than one can regret the mental effort which the "Sarasate," or any other of his great paintings were to him, yet I do very much deplore the physical wear and tear and time which he devoted to press correspondence, and fights with people of no importance whatever.

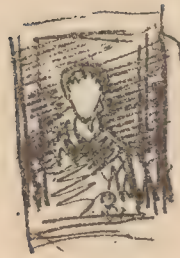
Once when there was a sale at Sotheby's of a number of unfinished Venice drawings of his, he asked me to find out to whom they had belonged, and said he had seen a notice in a paper about them, of a very slighting nature. He was very indignant, saying that "the people" would not let him forget his life amongst them; whereas "the

people" had nothing to do with the matter, but only one individual had been foolish enough to write about what he did not understand. Had the energy expended on these matters been used in painting or drawing, how much richer would the world have been, for he might have almost doubled the number of his pictures.

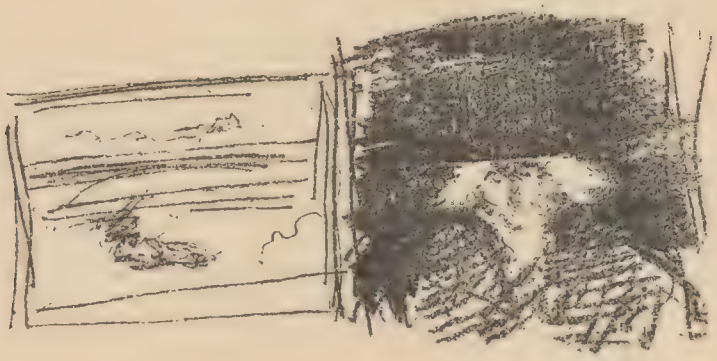
His care about everything to do with writing was just as intense as if he were making an etching or painting a picture, and his great feeling for composition, which is really the basis of all decoration, showed itself even in such details as the addressing of an envelope or postcard. I have known him to go to the Post Office himself rather than trust any one else to fix on the stamp for him, lest it should not be exactly in its right place. He rated me soundly once for sending an old butterfly block to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for them to print as a signature to a letter, when it was the only one I had, and the *Pall Mall* people said they had not time to send to another paper which had a later block! As for his letters themselves, they are always charming to look at as decoration on the sheet of paper alone, apart from their literary qualities.

Just about this time, I believe at his suggestion, I went to Paris for a few months' study in Julian's





1 The little White Girl —
1 Blue wave —
1 Nocturne in Gold & Silver —
1 Symphony in White No 3 —
1 Harmony in Purple & Gold
1 The Large Lizz of six marks
The Mother's picture.
Miss Alexander —
1 Nocturne —
1 Taking down the scaffolding of Old Westminster
1 Harmony in flesh & green bellony
1 "Old Battersea bridge" —
Sea & Rain . . Mere Gerard — Swinburne .
Trouville . —
Valparaiso .
Valparaiso Grey — Peter . Brighton



studio, and he wrote me an introduction to Otto Bacher, who had been in Venice nearly all the time he himself was there, and had been very intimately associated with, and useful to him. We lived in the same Hotel in the students' quarter in Paris, and had many talks about Whistler. I notice in his book, *With Whistler in Venice*, Bacher says he had not seen any Whistler lithographs until he passed through London afterwards, but his memory was short, for I had some of the early ones on the walls of my little room. Later on he obtained some himself. He certainly was a very genuine appreciator, and told me of many fine paintings made by Whistler in Venice, especially a picture of a Gondolier, which seems to have quite disappeared.

During the year 1889 there was held an Exhibition of many of his most important pictures at the Working Women's College in Queen's Square. I believe Mr. Walter Sickert had much to do with bringing it about, and Miss Gould, the principal, lent the rooms and took charge of the show. It is curious to think that such a collection had not been made earlier, soon after the great success of the Venice Exhibitions, for it had long been in Whistler's mind. Amongst our illustrations is a page of sketches and a list of what he

then considered his principal pictures, which he made on the back of a letter at the Wellington Street office some time in 1881, as the date shows. It is an interesting list, and nearly all these pictures were eventually got together at the Goupil Exhibition. I well remember his doing it. He had just before seen Sir Henry Cole in a cab in evening dress, and was most keen to paint him, and there is a sketch in the lower corner of the old gentleman's head. He had, some years before, begun a full-length portrait of him, but left it unfinished. He began another, but Sir Henry fell ill and died before it was completed.

The Exhibition in Queen's Square was opened with a little ceremony by Lord Halsbury, but was sadly neglected by the public. There was hardly any one there whenever I went. In Mr. Pennell's book he designates a story of Whistler's taking a certain pastel from the walls and walking off with it, followed by the staff, as a "poor invention." It certainly does not redound to Whistler's credit, but unfortunately it was told by Miss Gould herself, who had been warned by its owner as to what would happen to this picture if it were left unprotected from Whistler, and she it was who followed him and finally recovered it. I believe Whistler objected to the frame.

Later on, in 1891, came the sale of his "Mother's Portrait" to the Luxembourg, an incident which I suppose should have filled me with joy at the honour paid to my hero, but it did nothing of the kind. I had seen it so often, had made a lithograph of it, and had learned to know and love it as a personal friend, and I went at once to see him at the house he was then living in, in Cheyne Walk, and made my humble protest. Well! he was not angry with me; I knew he was very much moved, but he said he had been very much hurt by the deeply slighting treatment he had received here about that time, and the French authorities had approached him as only Frenchmen could, adding that the picture was on its way to the Louvre—a fit home for his Mother. Well, it may be so, but at present I know of no more pitifully touching vision than the sight of that gentle, solemn picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, with its quite unsympathetic surroundings; and I find other men feel the same, notwithstanding the universal chorus of praise lavished upon this exquisite work.

At the time of his mother's death, which I think took place at Hastings, he went there for a few days for the funeral, and came to Wellington Street on his return. He was very much affected;

and I remember him telling us that she appeared after death exactly like his portrait of her.

I feel thankful that, notwithstanding the American attack upon our collections of Whistlers, there still remains in this country that most brilliant of all his portraits, the "Miss Alexander."

CHAPTER V

I MUST hark back a little in time in dealing with the lithographs.

In 1887, Whistler began to turn again to lithography, and another attempt was made to publish a selection of the prints he had drawn. Arrangements were made with Messrs. Boussod, Valladon and Co., to issue a set of six in a brown paper cover, entitled "Notes," viz. : "Limehouse," "Nocturne," "Old Battersea Bridge," "Gaiety Stage Door," "Victoria Club," and "Reading." Thirty sets were published, upon large paper, signed, at four guineas ; and seventy sets of the last five, on smaller paper, unsigned, at two guineas. The "Limehouse," having shown signs of deterioration after the thirty had been printed, was at once erased from the stone. The large-paper sets were soon sold, but a considerable number of the others remained in the publishers' hands after Whistler's death, showing how slow his admirers were to acquire these beautiful works.

The time of their publication marks a curious

change in his ideas as to his name. The brown paper cover was printed with it in full, as it always had been until then, J. A. Mc.N. Whistler, but he would not have it issued so, and made us reprint it without the "A" of Abbott, which he ceased to use from this time.

He now began working upon transfer paper, again trying it for open-air work, and did three charming drawings in the neighbourhood of St. Bartholomew's the Great. Much improvement had been made in the technical handling of transfer paper during the interval since he had first made experiments upon it, although the texture on its surface was very mechanical and regular, and this was not overcome till some years later. This drawback did not at all interfere with the perfect quality of his art, or discourage him in the least, and, as he found he could quite conveniently take a little packet of transfer paper about with him, and draw on the spot from nature, just as he was in the habit of making his drawings upon the copperplate, he quickly resumed his old enthusiasm for the art.

He annexed one of my sketching pads consisting of a couple of pieces of cardboard, between which the transfer paper is kept, and an open cardboard mount to lay over the drawing and

hold it on the pad, the whole being bound together by an indiarubber band ; and he carried a supply of chalks in a little antique silver box in his pocket. He was not in the habit of using a holder for the chalks when drawing, though it is desirable to do so to prevent their becoming heated and soft.

The first examples of his new work were some delicate little pictures in St. Bartholomew's and at Chelsea ; churchyards, quaint courtyards and rag-shops. Among them were that delightful interior, "The Tyresmith," and the very masterly portrait, "The Winged Hat," which, though not drawn for the *Whirlwind*, was printed for that journal very soon after, to be followed directly by "The Tyresmith" and "Maunder's Fish Shop." I remember Whistler's disgust and anger when he learned that packets of these prints had been flung out of the publisher's window in the Strand, on a Lord Mayor's Show day, as an advertisement.

He followed on with groups of nude or slightly-draped figures of extreme delicacy, yet with a certainty of line unsurpassed during any other period. The "Little Nude Model Reading" is to my mind unsurpassable in its way ; the others, "The Dancing Girl," "Model Draping," and "The Horoscope" are infinitely tender in colour, yet he was

not satisfied with any of these last named, and said they had better be taken off the stone. He had ideas then of making coloured prints. I did all I could to encourage him, and he made his first experiment (No. 99 in the Catalogue, "Figure study in colours"), which, unfortunately, proved a failure.

Lithography in colour must always be a very complicated matter, as a separate stone and printing is required for each colour used. He posed a model, lightly draped, seated with her hands clasped in front of her left knee; this was drawn upon transfer paper, and proofs were made in the ordinary way. Then he had sheets of transparent transfer paper put over the impressions, upon each of which he drew different work to represent the colours he wished to be used, and supplied a set of colours for the proving. He had intended to use five colours in addition to the outline; but, unluckily! two of the five (one being the flesh tone) were drawn upon the wrong side of the paper, and could not be transferred. He was disappointed and did not redraw them, so the print was never completed and never properly proved. He did try to retouch the black outline, but was not happy with the hands, and the whole set was erased. I was intensely disappointed at the time; and still more

so when, later on, I saw the results which he got whilst in Paris, using exactly the same process of work in the "Red House, Paimpol," the "Yellow House, Lannion"; and, above all, that most exquisite print, shown by Mr. Marsh at the Memorial Exhibition in London, of a "Draped Figure Reclining" (No. 156), a girl lying on a couch on which is a blue and white vase; this is in six printings, and is as lovely as any pastel of his I know.

About the time when Whistler took up lithography again, Mrs. Whistler, herself an artist of real skill, was able to give him no little encouragement in persevering with the work in spite of the very poor results he had had hitherto, so far as money goes. I remember a little conference with them both, some time in 1892, I think, at the Cheyne Row house, with a view to his future lithographic work, when stock was taken of such drawings as were still upon the stones, and they both were glad that those mentioned above had not been erased. Mrs. Whistler showed the very greatest interest in the matter, as though she felt it offered him a field where he might surpass his reputation in any other of his works. And this idea is not a little supported in my mind by the fact that during her illness it seemed to be the one

form of work which he found he could go on with, and he was most keen to have proofs of his newest drawing as quickly as possible to show her.

I think arrangements were made and materials got ready in view of his Brittany trip. Then began what he would have called the "fun"; also a huge correspondence, for letters came sometimes twice a day, and it took all one's spare time to keep level with the answering. He sent first the subject known as "Vitré—the Canal." The drawing was made with chalk and finished with stump, the sky and watery foreground being almost entirely so drawn. Now, if this had been drawn upon stone, it would have been a simple matter for the printer; but it was done on transfer paper, and was new to us, and one dared not risk such a charming drawing without learning how to treat it. So I made some little drawings in the same manner, and had them put on stone, and worked out the proper treatment, and I was well rewarded by the successful result when the "Canal" was proved, and the confidence it gave him to follow this line of work with the perfect little group of lithographs of the Luxembourg gardens and "The Nude Model Reclining."

I think he was very happy when doing them —yet it is curious to remember that he sent the transfers of the last mentioned, and of the "Draped Figure Seated" (which was printed for *L'Estampe Originale*), by the hands of a friend, together with an odd bit of lithographic stone which he had got in Paris, and on which he had essayed to draw a female figure in line and stump. Alas! though it did not fail to print, the result was so utterly unworthy of Whistler that, whilst I sent him secretly a proof, I told him I had erased it from the stone, and he wrote back agreeing at once to my action.

During these years the *Studio* issued several of his lithographs in the form of prints from transfers from his original stones, and he made me a sort of agent for him with Gleeson White, the first editor of the *Studio*, and also with other magazines. It was not always an amusing task, great as my enthusiasm was for the lithographs, for sometimes he took an idea that people ought to want them, when they did not. For example, at the time of the funeral of President Carnot, he saw the procession and made two drawings of windows and balconies opposite him, and was most pressing that I should show them to the *Pall Mall Magazine* or the *Studio;* but

no one was interested here in the funeral, and the two drawings are not very attractive otherwise. The "Long Gallery, Louvre," was much more so, and appeared in the *Studio*.

He started charging ten guineas for the use of his lithographs in magazines, and gradually raised the price to twenty guineas. In one of the earliest of these transactions, when an editor wrote that he would be pleased to pay £10, he sent back the message, "guineas, M. le Rédacteur; guineas, not pounds." What a ridiculously low fee this price now seems, when one notes the sums that are charged for these very beautiful transfer prints—about £1 each—and seeing, too, how nearly they approach to his own proofs in quality.

He was using the old-fashioned mechanically grained transfer paper all through this time, until about the middle of 1894, when he first started upon experiments on other transfer paper. I think that Fantin-Latour probably showed him what he was in the habit of working upon, though his method of work was very different. Whistler always tried to complete his work upon the transfer paper before it was put upon stone at all. Fantin, on the contrary, used the transfer paper to commence his design, always intending to elaborate and finish it upon the stone. When Whistler worked on the

stone upon subjects drawn on transfer paper, it was rather to mend or correct failures or imperfections, rarely to do such work as the great French lithographer relied upon.

He aimed at suggesting colour in black and white in a very different way from other men. In the case of one of his French drawings, "La Robe Rouge," really a portrait of Mrs. Whistler, he said: "You will think me mad," in expecting to suggest the actual colour of the original. But I did not at all, for he does suggest local colour in all these prints to me—never merely a beautiful drawing of form only, but a something by which one is able to feel the actual colour of the subject drawn.

There was a side of his work which was amusing in its way. He used to worry my father and me continually about the paper used for proving his drawings upon. He would send packets of old Dutch and other paper, which he bought at various dealers in waste-paper in London, Holland, Paris, or anywhere that he could get it—unused sheets from old account-books, and the blank sheets from old printed books. He seemed to have an understanding with various dealers to save such papers for him, and he went about collecting them from time to time and used them for proving his

etchings. Then he tried them for his lithographs, and said that he meant to make his lithographs in every way as important as his etchings—" for you see, Tom, I am using the same beautiful old papers as for the etchings,"—adding that collectors would have to pay a high price for them, as he was not going to give away such paper for nothing ! Now, I had no quarrel with him as to the quality of much of this paper ; it is excellent, perfectly matured by age, and takes a perfect proof in many cases. But much of the paper was very badly stained ; many sheets were partly written on; and, worse still, many were full of worm holes, mildew spots, and ironmould. As it was necessary to damp the paper before printing, I feared that these last-named defects would be started again, and that in the course of a few years the proofs would possibly be ruined by a spread of these evils all over the sheets. I urged him to let them be printed upon Chinese or Japanese or Van Gelder papers, if, as seemed the case, he could not supply sufficient perfectly sound sheets of his old paper, and in the end he agreed to do so. I tried to get some old paper, too, and fortunately, when he had made the superb drawing of " The Siesta," I was able to give him enough for the proofs he had of it. But all the earlier time he actually counted up the number

of sheets he sent to us; and then if any had been used with worm holes in them, or writing upon them, he protested that they ought to have been discarded, since he found collectors objected, as they naturally would do, for his work did not require any adventitious aids from old paper, and should not have been put to the risk of deterioration later on.

In the great show of his pictures at the Goupil Gallery in Bond Street, which Mr. Thomson arranged for him in 1892, there were a few, I think about six, lithographs shown upon a screen, but I do not think they attracted much notice, as they were overshadowed by the splendour of the paintings. It was a memorable collection, and it is curious to think how many of them were missing from the Memorial Exhibition held not so very many years after.

Amongst the pictures was the nocturne of "Southampton Water." This work recalls an incident which reveals a somewhat curious side of his artistic nature.

The late Madame Coronio told me the story. Mr. Coronio had bought a picture of Whistler's which they liked very greatly. It was probably a very early painting—a girl by a shelf on which was some china—and Whistler thought he could improve upon it, and had it down from their walls.

After a long time they asked to have it back, but something had gone wrong, and they could not get it again; instead, Whistler sent them the "Southampton Water." They said that they did not care for it, that it was so dark they could not see its beauties. His reply was that he "could not supply them with eyes to see with," and eventually he repaid the sum which he had originally received.

One might have thought that he would never have allowed a work to leave his hands until he was satisfied with it himself, but I believe that he always looked upon any of his works, when seeing them again after a long interval, with a very critical eye, and a desire to improve them if he felt he could. I have already mentioned one such case, when he retouched a pastel belonging to my father; and he did the same with another, which was shown in the Memorial Exhibition under the title of "Annabelle Lee," a name he only gave it late in his life. This had been injured by the frame-maker, but Whistler recovered, and, indeed, added greatly to its brilliance, although he kept it so long that we never hoped to get it back again! My father was more fortunate in his experiences than some others of his early admirers, for he sometimes failed to do what he intended when he borrowed the pictures from

their owners, and sometimes the pictures were absent for long years from their walls; occasionally, indeed, they never came back, because he found he could not do what he wanted, and so some arrangement had to be made, as with Mr. and Mrs. Coronio.

But he would have been vastly amused at the way a certain American admirer of his, a Mr. Eddy, who has written his "Recollections and Impressions" of Whistler, treats what he calls his well-known attitude towards his pictures. My father saw to the catalogue of the Goupil show for him as in his previous exhibitions, and as usual it was an elaborate matter, with its many quotations from various critics, whose writings it held up to ridicule. On the title-page of what appeared to be the first edition (there were six editions in all) there is printed :—

"NOCTURNES, MARINES, AND CHEVALET PIECES,
SMALL COLLECTION,
KINDLY LENT THEIR OWNERS."

Mr. Eddy actually mentions this as an illustration of Whistler's "humorous way" of insisting upon "the superior rights of the creator." The simple explanation of the matter is, however, that the real first edition was printed with the

necessary "by"—"Kindly lent by their owners," —but that some press notice having been omitted by accident, the whole lot were destroyed, except half-a-dozen, on the morning of the press day, and in the frantic hurry to get a correct copy done in time for the private view the little word dropped out. Whistler himself was the first to notice it and point out the absurdity of the thing, which was put right directly afterwards. So there is an end of Mr. Eddy's mare's nest! Still I fancy it accounts for a certain attitude which some of the American owners of Whistler's pictures took up then and afterwards, when they described themselves as "privileged caretakers" of his works.

It is somewhat surprising to find Mr. and Mrs. Pennell also quoting the incorrect phrase as if it had been intentional.

Shortly after the Goupil show, Whistler settled in Paris; and as he did, perhaps, the greater part of his lithographs during the next four years—many being drawn on transfer-paper abroad, and posted over here—I was in constant correspondence with him. The lithographs which he made during this time may be fairly described as one long series of experiments, so frequently did he vary his materials and his manner of using them.

CHAPTER VI

ABOUT this time the artistic world was manifesting a very general interest in Lithography. The Centenary of its invention by Senefelder was getting very near, and many artists were anxious to learn something of its possibilities. So far, nearly all that was common knowledge was that it was a cheap form of reproduction in use for commercial purposes. That, at least, was the case in England; in Paris it had always been treated with respect, artists of great distinction had practised it, and the dealers there exhibited and sold their proofs just as they did in the case of etchings or any other forms of original work.

Whistler found, however, that French publishers had then a habit of trading upon the good nature of artists, and that there was very little money for him from anything he did for them, seemingly much less than he got in London.

In 1893 the Art Workers' Guild invited me to read a paper on the subject at Barnard's Inn

Hall, when I made a little exhibition which included a number of Whistler prints. The interest in the subject was greatly helped by the works shown, and a number of those present began forthwith to experiment in lithography, and are using it enthusiastically now. Whistler was in Paris at the time, and told me how much he regretted not being present. It is a pity he was not, for there were many distinguished artists there, who would have been glad of the opportunity to express their admiration of these works. At the end of this year he was anxious for me to go to him in Paris, to talk over the whole subject, and to set him up a press, as, at last, he said, he saw fortune looming in the distance.

This must have meant a very considerable income indeed, for undoubtedly a large sum of money had passed through his hands, though not so large as it should have been ; but, like most of us, he had a capacity for spending it. Once he said, he had been "so beastly poor" in the past.

I could not go to Paris, however, and knowing what I did about the technical details of printing lithographs, I wished to save him from the troubles and waste of time which he would have brought upon himself if he had carried out his wish. Had he been willing to devote the

whole of the rest of his life to this branch of his work, it would, no doubt, have been worth while for him to have had an experienced printer in his studio, and to have produced his proofs entirely there under his own eyes. But he would have found the output of proofs far greater than he needed, for to keep the printing rollers and other matters in good condition they should be in constant use, and cannot be taken up and put aside at a moment's notice as etching can. My father felt that he could help him best by continuing on the old lines, as his many years' knowledge of the varying ways in which it is necessary to treat drawings of different characters could not be communicated in a few hours'—or even days'—instruction. He knew, too, that in gaining this experience Whistler would have sacrificed many beautiful drawings which would have been perfectly easy to one who knew how to deal with them; and not only so, but a number of such failures would probably disgust him, and turn him against lithography altogether. Moreover, greatly as we wanted him to go on with his lithographs, we neither of us wanted him to stop his painting to attend to the mechanical side of printing. In his enthusiasm he thought of many developments which he would certainly have tried had he possessed a press, but

which, as soon as he spoke of them, we knew to be impracticable ; in fact, we showed him by experiments that they were so, when he at once agreed to our protest, and so was saved the time and disappointment of proving the failure of his ideas himself.

Early in 1894 it seemed to me that there was a sufficient number of his lithographs to make a little descriptive Catalogue, so I wrote asking his permission to do so. He at once agreed to the idea, and said he would design a cover, and forming a scheme of his own, would use it to dance round his critics again ; which was not at all what I intended. The little volume was not published till 1896, when, alas, it provided the excuse for a complete rupture in our personal relations. He told me of a proposed exhibition in New York, and articles to appear in *Scribner*, by Mr. Pennell, as evidence of a reviving interest.

In 1893, he began the prints of the Luxembourg Gardens, the first of the splendid series of Paris subjects which he continued during 1894, adding no less than thirty-nine new numbers to the Catalogue, and probably several others to which I was unable to fix an exact year, as they were printed in Paris. There were many figure-subjects and portraits amongst them, the most interesting, per-

haps, being the portrait of Stéphane Mallarmé, the famous French poet, drawn as a frontispiece to his volume, *Vers et Prose*. There is a second version of the portrait, which M. Duret illustrates, and he tells us of the immense number of sittings which were given for this quite small drawing, before Whistler obtained a result which satisfied himself. To look at a proof and note the charm of expression and vitality which it exhibits, and the utter absence of any trace of labour or effort, no one would imagine that both artist and poet are said to have almost despaired of making a successful result. It would be interesting to know how many times he commenced this portrait before the final success. I have seen many instances when he threw aside several sketches of the same subject because they missed something he was striving for, rather than correct one.

Although they did not follow until some time in 1895, I think one may well refer here to two other portraits, those of Dr. Whistler and Count Robert de Montesquiou. The Doctor is as perfect as the Mallarmé; as a likeness it could not be finer, and it has, perhaps, an even more minute completeness in the modelling and character of the miniature-sized head. He made two drawings of the Doctor, but kept the second

transfer so long before it was put on the stone, that it lost its best quality and was discarded. The Count's portrait was a very different matter. He told me that the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* wished to publish an engraving of the portrait he had painted, which had made a great sensation in Paris, and that they had commissioned a distinguished engraver to reproduce it for them. They showed him the proofs, and he was furious ! It was impossible to allow it to appear; so they asked if he would draw it for them himself, and he agreed to do a lithograph which my father was to print. He was very keen about it, and in order to be quite certain that it might be possible to print it in sufficient numbers for the magazine issue, he used the old-fashioned grained transfer paper, which he had discarded some two years before. Alas, the result was a failure ; not technically, for the proofs gave exactly what he had drawn ; his non-success arose from the nature of the task he had undertaken. As he expressed it, it showed the absurdity of expecting an artist to repeat his own work. He was attempting to become a mere copyist of a picture, and it was a task he was quite unfitted for. I have since seen two or three other beginnings he made with the same purpose, but the one I refer

to is No. 137 in the Catalogue. It is elaborately wrought, but quite lacking in the spontaneity of the other two portraits just mentioned. Had he drawn a pen-and-ink sketch from memory, as he did of so many of his other pictures, he would probably have made something quite satisfactory. The drawing was erased from the stone at once.

I mentioned that he had used the old transfer paper on this occasion, but it must not be thought that this was responsible for the failure ; for upon the same surface he had drawn the "Little Nude Model Reading," which is to my mind one of the finest visions of the nude drawn in his generation, and infinitely superior to any etching or dry-point of a like subject by him. "The Winged Hat," and the Brittany and Luxembourg Gardens subjects, were also on the same paper, and I think they all show a certain brilliancy and quality which the later transfer papers did not so readily give. He found, too, that it was not necessary to retouch the stones. But about the middle of 1894, he tried using another kind of stuff altogether. It was very thin and transparent, with a surface like glass. It is made for the purpose of writing facsimiles of letters, being pinned over the original and the writing traced through with

ink and a pen. As it has no "tooth" upon its surface at all, the greasy lithographic chalk slides over, leaving only a faint stain apparent, but its transferring qualities are very perfect, and the slightest grease will come off on to the stone and print. In order to make it work at all pleasantly, it is necessary to pin it over some paper or card, which has a rough surface, the granulation upon which is at once felt upon the surface of the transfer paper. I heard Whistler once telling a man who objected that he could not see what he had drawn, that it was not necessary to see the effect in the drawing; that he drew with a stick of grease and looked to the printed proof for the final effect. And whilst this is an axiom of lithographic principles, it was and is literally true in the use of this transfer paper. But there is another side which will be apparent to students, a certain softness of quality, almost at times a blurred effect, as though the drawing had been made with a stump. The Mallarmé portrait has it, and most of the subjects done at Lyme Regis of forges.

The first experiment was the subject called "Rue Furstenburg," and the change from the earlier prints was not unlike that which came over his etchings when he went to Venice. The first

figure subject was, I believe, "La Belle Dame Paresseuse," and about these two he was most enthusiastic. He said he had never got effects approaching them before, especially the figure, which had all the charm and quality of a charcoal-drawing. Certainly one can feel in all the subjects drawn upon this paper that the chalk has passed over the surface exactly as his mind has directed it, without any effort being necessary to overcome the resistance due even to a granulated surface. But he did not get any of this material ready-made, at least none of a kind on which he could rely, and he had to have some specially prepared for him by Lemerciers in Paris. And meanwhile he tried other sorts of transfer paper. On one of these he drew what I always think a very happy subject, "The Duet," showing Mrs. Whistler and her sister at a grand piano, an evening effect with deep shadows upon the wall behind. I told him how much I admired it, but he at first condemned it for some reason, and said he would redraw the same subject. This he did, though, to my mind, not nearly so successfully, and then, after all, he had the first drawing printed.

The "Confidences in the Garden" and "La Belle Jardinière," of the same period, are quite curious in subject in that they (as also "The Duet") have a sort of "popular" suggestion about them,

and he laughed at the way he was declining, in his titles, at least, into the ordinary catalogue style. Three other studies of Mrs. Whistler, in "La Robe Rouge," "La Belle Dame Endormie," and "The Sisters" show him at work, in his happiest vein, from a most sympathetic source of inspiration.

Then he put this thin paper upon its trial to the utmost extent, as it were, by making the two drawings in the Passage du Dragon—"The Smith" and "The Forge." The scale of both is much less than most of his other lithographs; indeed, in "The Forge" the little heads of the three smiths—which are seen in the gloom of the large opening in the wall—are most minute, whilst the completeness of modelling and finish leaves nothing to be desired. I look at them and marvel how they have been drawn. They are as soft as if they had been done with a stump. "The Smith" is considerably larger in scale, and, therefore, less extraordinary in workmanship, but none the less interesting as a picture. The atmosphere of the dark interiors to both is—Whistlerian, of course. But, although he had elaborated these drawings on the paper, the colour was more than it would carry, and when transferred to stone the dark backgrounds were quite weak, and he had to spend many hours working upon the stones before he

got proofs to his liking. The retouchings of these and other subjects were done after a considerable interval, when he came over to London, I think in 1895.

Early in 1895 the French Government decided to hold an International Exhibition in Paris, in commemoration of the centenary of the invention of Lithography, and sent an invitation to the Royal Academy in London to co-operate with them and exhibit a collection of English works. It was an amusing choice, seeing that lithographs were amongst the rarest forms of artistic work to be found upon the walls of the exhibitions at Burlington House. True there had been an associate, R. J. Lane, who many years before had shown lithographs there, as had others of his contemporaries, but these belonged to what may be called the palmy days of lithography, and such times were long ago.

But Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the sculptor, who had been trained in his early days as a lithographer, came to the rescue, and was able to get together a collection of works. He paid a visit to my father, and it was arranged that we should pass the invitation to such artists as we were in touch with, and lend such old works as would

assist to make a small collection, the Academy undertaking all expenses. I asked Whistler's permission to send six of his proofs, and gave him a list, which he agreed to at once.

Whistler made a proviso that his works should be hung together in a group, and the French authorities not only did so, but put them on a small wall in such a way that they were the most important group in the English collection. The greater part of the modern prints in this section were the works of a number of artists to whom F. Goulding, the printer of etchings, had supplied transfer paper, he having just before taken up lithographic printing. Goulding was anxious to bring his experience in plate-printing, especially *retroussage*, to bear on the other, and made many experiments about which there was a good deal of talk, and Whistler followed what he was doing very closely. I was constantly asked by him for news about it. I am afraid that his comments on the results would not prove a source of pleasure to those concerned. He would never have allowed any tampering with or "editing" of his work and would have recognised at once any attempt to do so. It may be explained, for those who do not understand the meaning of *retroussage*, that it is a process used in the printing

of etchings whereby the ink is dragged from the lines on to the surface of the plates, giving a great softness of effect, and, in the hands of such a skilful printer as Goulding, much improving a proof from an otherwise poor etching. In lithographic printing this is not possible at all, but by smearing the wet ink upon a freshly-pulled lithograph something of the same kind can be done. But it is not printing.

After the exhibition was opened, Whistler wrote asking me to send and have his exhibits removed from the English section on account of its connection with the Royal Academy, and have them transferred to the American section. But there was no American section. He also chided me about the works sent. How could I send such old works? Only "The Doctor," and always the "Little Nude Model Reading," were worth sending—the French people had a knowledge of technique, if of nothing else, and when one had so many of the later French subjects to choose from, one ought to have done better, and he gave me a selection. But even now, with the complete 160 or so to choose from, I should hesitate a long time before excluding any of the following six which were exhibited, namely : the "Little Nude Model Reading," "The Toilet," "The Tall Bridge,"

"Limehouse," "Nocturne," and "The Doctor," for they are real technical masterpieces of lithography, and showed what use a master could make of it.

There was a considerable interval in his work from 1894 to 1895, when he was greatly troubled with Mrs. Whistler's illness. He drew the portrait of Dr. Whistler during a visit which the Doctor paid to him in Paris, where he had gone to consult with the French doctors; and later on Whistler came to England with Mrs. Whistler, and went to stay at Lyme Regis for her health. He wrote telling me it had been impossible to think of anything, for she was far from well, but that he was going to do some more lithographs, and started with six to get his hand in. What an extraordinary character he was when one considers the circumstances! I think he personally had very good health, and, whilst sympathetic to others, I do not think he quite understood what illness meant. But now he was face to face with the most serious illness of his nearest and dearest, and in order to escape from dwelling too much upon it, he turned to his art as a relief, and forthwith produced some of his finest work. The two paintings, "The Smith of Lyme Regis" and the "Little Rose"

are surely two of his greatest masterpieces, perfect in every way; and who could imagine, when looking at them, the circumstances under which they were done?

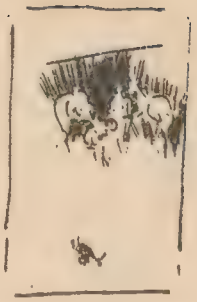
I think that the two portraits mark another change in his work which is interesting, namely, the alteration in the size of the canvases. I remember but few such small pictures for life-sized portraits amongst his early work. His own, of course, an early study of a "Lady Reading" (now in Mr. Freer's collection), portraits of Mrs. Lewis Jarvis (painted just before he went to Venice), Miss Woakes, Stevie Manuel, and Mr. Luke Ionides, the "Mère Gérard," the sketch of his brother, less than life-size, and an unfinished head of "Maud," are all that I can recall of portraits where he was content to paint only the head or half length —whilst the number of full lengths of life-size which he finished or began and did not complete was very great. I seem to remember that he once explained to me that the full length was the only real way to treat a portrait, so as to give a complete impression of the sitter, and in the old days in the Tite Street and Fulham Studios, there were stacks of great canvases against the walls. Whether he found that the physical exertion of these vast canvases was too great

for his advancing years, I do not know. He certainly painted many of these smaller pictures, some of quite miniature scale, during the last few years of his life, and one heard of few big ones.

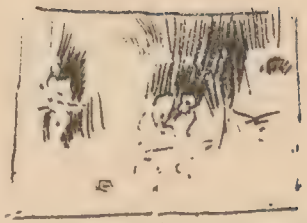
He was arranging an exhibition of his lithographs with the Fine Art Society at the time, which he said was to be his contribution to the centenary of its invention, and this no doubt spurred him on to his work at Lyme Regis. He drew nearly all upon his favourite thin French paper, but the results of some were technically disappointing, and he spent much time afterwards in bringing them up to his intention. He at first thought of adding a second printing to several of them in order to strengthen them, but abandoned the idea and worked upon the stones instead.

There were sixteen subjects in all, six of them interiors of forges, three smithies with excellent horses, a number of street scenes, and two portraits, "John Grove," his landlord at the "Royal Lion," and the "Master Smith," which latter he considered one of his most perfect lithographs. They form altogether a charming group, and reveal him in a quite different kind of subject from any he had so far treated in lithography, although he had years before dealt with similar themes in the Thames set

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto



No. 1. "The Good Shoe".

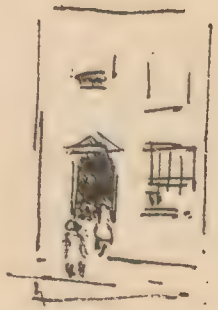


No. 2. "The Sunny Smithy".

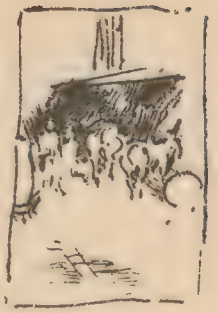
No. 3. The Master Smith.

No. 4. "Father & Son"

No. 5. "The Strong Arm"



No. 6. The Little Doorway



No. 7. The Smith's Yard

of etchings and in one or two of the Venice series. Here he dealt with figures full of character and suggested action, lit by the flickering lights of forges and rays of sunlight, in interiors full of all sorts of tools and materials such as one always finds in such places, yet always drawn with such selection that they make perfect compositions and express just what he intended us to see.

Two of these forges are, I think, of quite special interest. One called "The Strong Arm" (No. 89) shows a smith holding a bar in the furnace with his strong right hand, whilst his left is raised to work the bellows, and behind is seen just the face of another man. It is a drawing of the slightest character if one judges by the number of lines and the evident rapidity of work, but the expression of the blaze of light upon the figures and the smoke from the fire, without any dark shadows at all to help the effect, is masterly in the extreme. The other, called "The Blacksmith" (No. 90), is just as elaborate as the former is slight. There is but one figure in this, and his action is very similar, but he stands in a dark recess, and Whistler has delighted in elaborating the whole subject to its fullest extent. In its early state it was one of the disappointments, probably because, like the two forge subjects of the Passage

du Dragon, he asked too much from his thin transfer paper, and, as he himself said, worried it too much, but later, when he came to London he worked upon it again and again. I stood for him in as nearly the same arrangement of light as could be got at Wellington Street, and eventually he perfected it. Seeing the uncertainty which was constantly present in the use of his thin paper, which I found I could not use for my own lithographs with any satisfaction, I made many experiments with new kinds, and tried to get him to use some; this he did on two of the Lyme Regis drawings, the "Master Smith" and the "Sunday, Lyme Regis," and as they proved quite to his liking, he used little else from that time. It gave him crisp clear lines, delicate or strong, as he wished, and upon it he was able to get the velvety texture of the stump whenever he wanted to.

He was always advancing in his ideas and execution, and sometimes it was a little difficult to keep level with them. Just about this time there was a portrait by him on view in London which he sent me to see, but I could not rise to it, and told him so. His answer was amusing; he would like to stay where he was to please every one, but that was impossible and we should catch up in time by degrees.

Then, towards the end of the year, I got into hot water. Certain very well known art critics, wishing to write upon the subject of lithography, consulted me upon the technical details and saw my collection of proofs, and I was foolish enough to mention the matter to Whistler. He was scathing in his denunciation of my stupidity in giving away my knowledge which might have been so valuable to myself. Yet I know that I did right, for my interest in the art and desire to interest others in its qualities has always been a real pleasure, and I am sure that my action was justified by the result. It helped many to look for themselves at such lithographs and try to place them upon their proper level as works of art, and I am quite certain that his own position was in no way hurt by what I did. He came to London shortly before the exhibition in Bond Street, and was very severe with me, but after an interview with him at a house he was staying at in Half Moon Street, when I suppose he satisfied himself that I was not a traitor, he returned to his old self and started visiting the Wellington Street office, and retouching his stones.

The exhibition of the lithographs, seventy in all, at the Fine Art Society's, was, of course, extremely interesting to me, and it must have

been a revelation to most of those who saw it. Probably it was the largest collection of one man's work in this art ever shown in this country, and it was fairly representative of every kind he had done. Yet at that time my catalogue had reached number one hundred and two, without counting some ten more which had been omitted from the first edition, because they had been destroyed as unsatisfactory. The catalogue of the exhibition was a curious innovation, for he allowed it to be issued by the Fine Art Society in the form they used generally, much larger than his dainty little brown paper covered booklets, and having advertisements on three sides of the grey covers. Mr. Pennell wrote a very interesting introduction, giving a short account of the history and processes employed in the art, and of Whistler's treatment of it. It contained also another innovation in the shape of a list of the prices he was charging for the proofs at the time, which varied from two to five guineas, moderate enough in all conscience, seeing that the highest sum was only asked for one print, the "Stéphane Mallarmé," of which one may well imagine he had very few proofs indeed, as the copies used for *Vers et Prose* were printed from the original stone. Whether the sales amounted to any considerable total I never heard. How extra-

ordinary is the comparison between these prices and the sums now paid for the same works, though the amounts given for his paintings and pastels show an even greater disproportion. But is not this generally the case with the works of a master? Few great artists indeed have received in their lives any money reward commensurate with the prices later generations place upon their works, but as long as a man receives a reasonable return for his work he should not think too much upon this contrast, for to him has been the joy of creation. If he gets what he asks for his work, he should be content.

I did not hear Whistler ever complain of such matters until almost the last conversation I had with him. About this time I had asked him whether he would fix a limit to the number of proofs he would print from his lithographs; and after thoroughly working the matter out he agreed to limit them to one hundred, though with the proviso that if they showed signs of deterioration they were to be stopped before that number. Thus the sum he should have received for each subject may be roughly arrived at by multiplying the catalogue prices by one hundred and deducting the cost of printing, which was very little, and the commission allowed to dealers. There had been a

great deal of talk about popularity, but he described it as all nonsense, saying that his experience was that only the same people bought his lithographs as his etchings, and at that time these certainly numbered far fewer than one hundred, that is, of course, the regular collectors who wished to have proofs of most of his prints, not the thousands who even then took delight in obtaining the magazine reprints.

From 1895 onwards he was in London, living at various hotels, and utterly distraught with the increasing illness of Mrs. Whistler. At one time, at Long's Hotel in Bond Street, he had an idea of working on stone, and he began a portrait of his sister, Lady Haden; and from the window in Wellington Street he made another drawing of the back of the Gaiety, but neither proved satisfactory; he was far too preoccupied with other thoughts to do himself justice. There was a portrait of Mr. Walter Sickert, too, which was more successful. He came at various times to my father's office, but again we lost sight of him whilst he was occupied with that extraordinary episode the Eden trial in Paris, the rights and wrongs of which at the time I was utterly unable to understand, and which even now seems to me to

have only benefited the lawyers engaged in the case. Then he was at Lyme Regis, and again in London, engaged with his own exhibition, at the end of 1895, when he was staying at the De Vere Hotel, opposite Kensington Gardens, from the windows of which he made a charming little drawing of the Park. There was a talk of his painting a portrait of Cecil Rhodes, about which he was very mysterious, and very anxious to find a studio suitable for the work. I never heard why the proposal was not carried out, but he had said that it was very difficult for Rhodes to find time for the sittings.

Then, whilst revising his many drawings upon the stones, he looked up other drawings, not till then transferred, one a charming mother with a little naked child in her lap, drawn in 1890, which, for fear it should fail, he redrew first upon a second piece of transfer paper; both were laid down and the earlier drawing proved quite successful. One of the first subjects he tackled was a portrait of Miss Howells, which he had made in Paris. It is specially interesting, as it was, I believe, the beginning of those he made by firelight, and its success may have been the inspiration which set him to do similar themes in several other portraits, *e.g.* one of Mrs. Pennell and two

of Mr. Pennell. Of course, at Lyme Regis he drew subjects somewhat similarly lit, but these later drawings were more deliberately portraits, and were charming in their feeling of the soft warm flickering light. One afternoon he suddenly started drawing my father. In the office there were two rooms with a door between, and he stood in one and his model at the end of the other, where a gas stove was burning close to the ground ; hence the face was lit from below, and a big shadow thrown upon the wall behind. Three successive drawings did he make ; the first, not carried very far, he scribbled over ; the second he completed but was not satisfied with, and then he began the third. It was a winter's afternoon, and I was in the inner room with my father, and at work myself, and did not notice how the daylight was failing ; but at last it dawned upon me, and I went to Whistler to light the gas for him. There I realised the position, for the bright light of the stove in the inner room had filled it. "Why, Mr. Whistler, you have no light—you cannot see—you are drawing by feeling!" "Almost, Tom, almost!" was his answer, and it was literally true. This drawing proved a most excellent portrait.

His manner of work I had many opportunities

of seeing at this time. I stood and watched him draw yet another Gaiety subject, and saw the chalk pass again and again over the paper without a mark made, until suddenly a firm line appeared. There was a rain-water pipe on the building, and when the line came to express it, it was not *a* pipe but *the* one of the building opposite as carefully drawn as if it had been an eye. It was his manner always, whatever he chose to put down was, as it were, a portrait of that object. I think he rarely sat to work ; he always stood to retouch his stones when there was every convenience for sitting, and about this time I think his years and the exhaustion of his home troubles brought a curious habit upon him of dozing in the afternoon. I was quite startled one day to see him standing over a stone on which he was working, and fast asleep. I was afraid he was not well, but he soon was at work again. I made a little drawing of him one day as he stood in the thick greatcoat which he wore indoors as well as out, and such as it is have printed it.

Then he went to stay at the Savoy Hotel, where he had rooms high up and commanding the most magnificent views over the Thames, and indeed over the whole City of London. The gathering tension due to Mrs. Whistler's

increasing illness seemed to brace him up to a point of keenness in his lithographic work that enabled him to make a group of drawings, which, I think, form the climax of all his black and white work. Eight subjects in all there are, the two portraits of Mrs. Whistler, and six views from the hotel, comprising the whole outlook, right, left, and opposite.

Of the portraits I cannot bring myself to write, except to say that to me "The Siesta," as he would insist upon calling it, is the most moving and pathetic of all his black and white work, and of equal importance in his art with the "Mother's Portrait." Fortunately there was not the slightest flaw in the transferring to stone, and the first print satisfied him entirely. And I well remember his delight and remark, "Now, Tom, this is not for Mr. —— or Mr. —— (naming the proprietors of two magazines), but for ourselves only." And he had some twenty proofs printed at once. The other figure subject, "By the Balcony," may not have pleased him so much, as he only had some few trial proofs. Of the others the "Savoy Pigeons" is quite well known, as it was reprinted in the *Studio*. Across the middle distance is seen Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Surrey end of which he

drew in another subject at sunset. Now this bridge has an unenviable reputation for its extreme plainness, not to say ugliness, which personally I do not think it deserves, and anyhow Whistler saw possibilities in it, especially in the second drawing, where it is the dominant feature of the picture and full of colour and contrast. Then you come to the subject opposite the hotel, "The Thames," a large wash drawing, a great triumph in the end, but only after it had given him infinite trouble. It was nearly twenty years since he had last used lithotint, and all the early subjects done with it were much simpler than that he now started on, which was full of infinite detail on a very small scale. A stone was prepared with a half-tint for him to add to and scrape out from. Unfortunately it was found that this tint was not level when the proofs of the first state were taken, and he had the stone back to the hotel, and scraped away as much as he could of the irregularity, and generally advanced the whole drawing very greatly. But he was not yet satisfied, and again went through the process of retouching and scraping, and finally produced what must rank as one of the masterpieces of lithography. A comparison of this print with the "Nocturne" or "Early

Morning" will at once show how differently he worked, for while in the earlier subjects the signs of scraping are very inconspicuous, in the "Thames" they are quite frankly in evidence all over the work, and I do not feel that the final result suffers in any way from it. Next there are two drawings of Waterloo Bridge, and the choicest of the landscapes in chalk, "Little London," a print of extraordinary suggestiveness as to space and quantity, with the dome of St. Paul's as a crown to the city.

And in all of these we have the embankment full of traffic and his beloved hansoms, the gondolas of London, now so rapidly disappearing, bits of the gardens and trees; indeed nothing seemed to escape his notice. The series was only ended by his removing from the Savoy to the house at the Spaniards, Hampstead, where he lived until Mrs. Whistler's death in May. He had a studio in Fitzroy Street, where he was painting portraits, but I never went there.

After the Savoy subjects he planned a series of lithographs of London churches, and began it with one of the most unattractive buildings in London, St. Anne's, Soho, but he made it interesting in his proof. Then came a portrait of W. E. Henley, for which the sitting must have been

short as, before it was printed, he did a great deal of additional work to it upon the stone, which he afterwards regretted. Next followed a drawing of a butcher's shop, in retouching which he was quite amusing in his anxiety to get the right quality into the various joints displayed. When I asked him where the shop was, he said one of the old Queen Anne houses in Cleveland Street. I could not remember any such, and on searching it out, found his "old Queen Anne" to be a sort of superior industrial dwelling of quite recent date. Although his works show that he was always attracted by the picturesqueness of old buildings, yet, from sundry remarks, I am pretty sure that his antiquarian knowledge was very slight.

To the "Butcher's Dog" succeeded the "St. Giles in the Fields," an unfamiliar view of the south side of the church from the graveyard, and the "Little London Model," a charming and close study of character, which I think was probably his last lithograph. In both of these he has used the stump to a very great extent, suggesting colour and surface texture with perfect success.

When he came to the office he frequently met C. E. Holloway, who had just returned from a visit to Venice. Whistler interested himself very much

in his work, and arranged with Mr. Thomson for an exhibition to be held at the Goupil Galleries, of which mention will be made later on. The two men became real friends, and it was then, or very soon after, that Whistler painted the little full length of Holloway, calling it "The Philosopher."

CHAPTER VII

DURING this time I was busy compiling my catalogue of these prints. I did not imagine that there would be any considerable sale for the book, as it was intended for the collectors of his lithographs only. But I was determined to produce it in a manner worthy of its subject, and in order to do so and to make it attractive I asked him to allow me to use as a frontispiece the little subject called "St. Bartholomew's Entrance Gate" and offered him half the profits of the book. He did not reply to the request. Then I proposed using a portrait of him which I had drawn. He had liked the drawing, but thought it too big, so I redrew it on a smaller scale. It was still too big. He then said he would bring one suitable, and he brought me a little badly-printed snapshot photograph of himself, standing in a garden with his back to the camera. I was indignant. Why should he want to be drawn turning his back upon the subscribers to his proofs, whom alone the little book would

interest? But I asked him if he would give me a short sitting to try to supplement the bad state of the photograph, but he would not, though he promised to work upon it himself. As I found it was that or nothing, I began the drawing and foolishly showed it to him half done—I think he asked to see it. He went over it minutely and then insisted upon its being etched and printed as it was. Alas! that I was weak enough to comply; the figure came much too black. I was disgusted, but one day later he came with Holloway and spent a long time scraping it down until it was more presentable, leaving untouched, however, the little head just as I had drawn it. It was rather a memorable occasion in our relations, for when he said, "Now, Tom, I am sure you are very grateful to me for working like this upon the little drawing and improving it so?" I spoke out and told him I so disliked the idea of issuing the book with him turning his back upon his friends that I wished I had never begun the work at all. He appealed to Holloway whether it was not shocking to hear such ingratitude! I reminded him that I had asked permission to reprint from a transfer of the "St. Bartholomew's Gate," for a fee, but he said it was ridiculous.

He had proposed to design a cover, and did suggest the arrangement of the title page, which he revised until he was satisfied, and this was printed upon the cover as well. I gave him all the proofs of the text, and he made two or three small verbal corrections, and finally the little book was published. I sent him some copies at once, but for a week heard nothing from him. Then I got a letter from his solicitors demanding its instant withdrawal. It seems that he had seen a paragraph which had appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, announcing its publication, and saying that Whistler had drawn a portrait of himself as a frontispiece; it was a regular publisher's preliminary notice, founded upon the prospectus, which it misquoted. He pointed out that this was due to a note in the front of the book, "The frontispiece was drawn from a photograph supplied by Mr. Whistler, and has been worked on by him." He was most indignant, as the "press" was taking great interest in the matter. Alas! the "press" took very little interest, because no copies were sent for review at all. But he explained in the letter to Mr. Webb that he had never allowed such a thing as a portrait of himself to be so issued before, that only his good nature had yielded to my pertina-

city, and so on. But his memory was curiously short, for in the first catalogue of his etchings, made by Mr. Thomas, there appeared as a frontispiece an etching of Whistler's portrait of himself by Mr. Thomas. I did not see this book until quite recently, and so did not, in my reply, remind him of it. He had demanded the recall of the book, but they had all been delivered, and he then said that Messrs. Bell, the publishers, could certainly not recall them, so he must accept the position. There were two letters from him, each through Messrs. Webb, and two replies from me, and then our correspondence ceased. He wanted a reason to break from me, and I had given him no just cause in this matter nor in any other; but this trivial affair was enough, and I confess I was not in the mood to eat humble pie and try to placate him. There were other matters which could not be so settled.[1]

The real reason, I suppose, of our parting, came a little while before the date of publication. He

[1] When, after his death, I made the second edition, I found but 30 more subjects to add to the original 130, and 14 of these were known to me and not included in the first edition by Whistler's wish, whilst I am pretty certain that all the others had been done in Paris before 1896. So that at this time there was a final break to his lithographic work. Quite how many prints he did in all it is rather difficult to say. I have since seen three which are beyond those in the second edition.

called upon me at my home one Sunday afternoon to bring me back the revised and passed proofs of the catalogue. There he found on the walls, what every one could see, the "Cremorne Gardens" picture and another painting, an early unfinished study of a nude Venus before a most lovely sea, with sprays of honeysuckle coming into the upper part of the picture. He forthwith thanked me for taking so much care of these works, but stated that the time had come for him to resume possession. I was amazed and said I thought there was a mistake, that my father had given them to me many years before. I knew their history, that they had come with the other canvases, mostly portraits, which my father had bought after the bankruptcy, and moreover, I knew that he had offered to give these portraits back to Whistler as he did not think, for the sake of the sitters, they ought to be hawked about on sale. But the offer did not refer to other sorts of paintings. Whistler said there was certainly a misunderstanding, and the sooner it was cleared up the better.

All the time he was referring to the "Cremorne Gardens." I then called his attention to the other subject. This canvas had three or four pictures painted on it, one over the other, with considerable impasto, then it had been rolled up

and badly crushed, so that there were holes through to the canvas, right on the figure itself, and in other places, disfiguring it entirely. These holes I had carefully filled up and painted over to join up his work. I asked if he thought I should have ventured to paint on it if I had thought it was to be returned to him? He said, "No, but you would not dare to 'finish' my picture? I am sure you would not. You would only just join up the parts," which was what I had done exactly.

But he was really only interested in the "Cremorne." "You see I have never had any consideration for the picture," he said later on, as a reason for its return. But he had treated it as all the other loose canvases which he more or less destroyed at the time of his bankruptcy, before he handed them over as part of his "assets" to his creditors. They were rejected by the auctioneers as unsaleable, and Leyland, who saw them, would not have them, although there were unfinished portraits of two of his daughters amongst them. Leyland did hesitate over a little sketch of himself, but eventually declined to take it, and finally they were bought by a picture dealer for my father. When Whistler came back from Venice he visited us at Hampstead, and I took him into my room, round which I had hung

a number of them, including the "Cremorne Gardens." His remark was that he "never expected to set eyes upon these old ghosts again." Later on I hung some on the walls of the big printing room at Wellington Street, but he did not like them to be seen and they were taken down. When he began the Meux portraits he found great difficulty in getting canvas to his liking, and as a number of these canvases seemed to be just primed for painting upon, he came and looked them over, but found nothing to his liking. On this occasion he showed me one of the destroyed subjects, and said it had been one of the important works in the 1874 exhibition in Pall Mall,—a white girl, full length and life-size. I suggested trying to clean it, and he made no objection. But the defacing had been so thorough that it was most difficult to reach the original painting. Yet what has been recovered is so lovely that its destruction was little less than an act of vandalism.

After his visit to my home, which I referred to above, he spoke to my father and proposed to bring Mr. Webb, his solicitor, to convince us that these things were his; also he wished to have a settlement of his account, which had been running since he started making lithographs, eighteen

years before. The portrait canvases, and a number of others (the "Loves of the Lobsters" and "Mount Ararat" amongst them) were then got out, and Mr. Webb heard our story and saw the portraits. He then said to Whistler, "I think you had better accept Mr. Way's offer of these whilst it is open." I asked Whistler upon what principle he claimed the "Cremorne," and whether he also claimed the "Three Girls" and the other pictures, water-colours and pastels, which my father had bought from him? "Well, your father gave me so much for them, it can be put in the bill." It was like the answer of a dealer who wanted to buy one of the water-colours. "And what shall I put in its place on my walls?" said my father. "You might frame the cheque!"

Of course I do not know what was in his mind, but I heard that, in another case, where one of his earliest clients was obliged to sell his pictures, Whistler obtained them and sold them again to a newer client. And probably he knew where he could place the "Cremorne Gardens" at a big price. For his new friends, especially the American ones, were all keen to buy his early works, no doubt to try to make up for their long-neglected opportunities. It will be apparent that his reason for wanting to get these pictures back into his

own hands was very different from that which had actuated him many years before, as in the case of Madame Coronio's picture.[1]

I trust that he did not destroy the portraits which my father returned to him, because, unfinished though they were, they belonged to a most interesting period of his painting, and were very beautiful. The two Leyland portraits must have been almost contemporaneous with the "Miss Alexander"; they were in a very high key, and were a source of delight to my old student friends when I was able to hang them.

On the last occasion that he was at Wellington Street, I made a special appeal to him "in the cause of art," as I put it. I asked him to permit some proofs of "The Thames" to be printed by the printer, Mr. H. Bray, who had handled it so far, free of any charge to himself, as I was certain it would suffer in any other hands. But he would not consent. This was my last interview with him, although on two subsequent occasions I met him.

[1] I have previously referred to Mr. Luard's translation of Lecoq de Boisbaudran's *Training of the Memory in Art*, which claims Whistler as one of his pupils, and from a further study of the work I think he learned many other wise ideas beside memorising from this most inspiring teacher. But towards the end of his life Whistler forgot the warning conveyed by the words, "it is impossible to overlook the preoccupation with commerce, the far too frequent abandonment of disinterested art, which is the outcome of real conviction, for the eager pursuit of monetary success."

Then came the settlement of the long standing but not very big bill. He was represented by his lawyers, explaining as his reason that they were men of business, which he was not ! So my father chose to have his to meet them. The total sum which nearly the whole of his lithographic work had cost amounted to an average of about £2 for all charges, including proofs, on each of the 140 subjects, whilst the receipts from the sales of *Notes*, which Messrs. Boussod Valadon published, and which came off the bill, had made a large hole, even in this small total. I am glad to know from the reprints which he had of a large number of his proofs that there was a very considerable sale for them, and that lithography had been the means of putting a large sum of money in his exchequer.

Finally the lawyers put their heads together and settled the bill, when his side had magnanimously agreed to waive their right to bar a great part of it under the Statute of Limitations ; and on 10th August 1897, the stones, with the drawings on them, and the canvases, were handed over to Messrs. Webb's representative, and the stones put in their cellar until a year or so after Whistler's death. After the settlement, that there should be no doubt about the break, Whistler permitted himself to write a letter to my father

of such a character that I trust it has been destroyed, and this to a man to whom he had over and over again addressed letters in the most affectionate terms, and spoken of as one of his oldest and staunchest friends.

But before this an incident occurred which brought me again in touch with him. Mr. Pennell had an exhibition of lithographs of Spanish subjects at the Fine Art Society, late in 1896, and Whistler wrote a letter, which was printed as an introduction to the Catalogue, in which he speaks of "the restricted means of the lithographer—and restricted I have found them" —and is glad that the exhibition is made before "others, persevering, have strained the limits of lithography beyond the ken of us beginners." This from one who had strained the limits of the art to make it produce new and unfamiliar work, until he succeeded in getting what he aimed at, was not generous nor very amusing.

This exhibition was, it will be remembered, the cause of an attack by Mr. Walter Sickert in the *Saturday Review*, the point at issue being whether the description "lithograph" could be legitimately applied to a print from a drawing which had been made upon transfer paper and not upon stone. As it involved a question of personal

credit, a law-suit followed, and there I saw Whistler for the last time. We were both witnesses for Mr. Pennell. That a purely technical matter of the kind should have been brought forward to be settled by twelve men chosen at random, seems foolish enough, but they found by their verdict the right solution. It has always seemed to me that the whole question arose from the word in use as a name for this art—lithography; which, of course, is derived from two Greek words, meaning "writing" and "stone." But the art is a modern process of printing from stone, and the lithograph does not exist until you have the print. When first Senefelder had invented the process and looked about for a suitable name, he thought of many, such as Chemical Printing, Polyautography, and others, before Lithography was finally chosen. As I have already explained, there is a certain character in a lithographic print which differs radically from other kinds of printing, and though the word is good, it leaves something to be desired. There are other developments of the same idea in which plates of zinc or aluminium are used instead of stone, and naturally the chemicals used in these processes differ from those used in lithography, but the final printing is similar, as are the prints, though to my mind they lack the refinement of stone-work.

Now the prints from zinc or aluminium are not in any sense lithographs, but zincographs, and algraphs, if you like. An attempt was made at the trial to explain that working upon transfer paper produced an inferior sort of result to work done upon stones. Whistler's work conclusively proves that this is not the case, but this might better have been shown with an exhibition and demonstration before a committee of experts.

Again, I must go back a month or so, as I do not like to end with the parting. Early in 1897 Holloway became very ill indeed. He had a first floor in a house in Fitzroy Street—the large front room serving as a studio, the back room as a bedroom—and was trying to get ready for his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in March. The place was most depressing, almost bare of furniture, and he almost without means for the necessaries of life. He was a man curiously sensitive on such matters, so that few of his old friends who went to see him realised the position of affairs. I went there many evenings to spend a few minutes with him, and learned that Whistler came to sit with him frequently during the afternoons, and this comforted the dying man greatly. And Holloway had told me of the painting of

"The Philosopher," a very apt title for the man, how he marvelled at the skill with which the whole of the little figure would be painted from head to foot at each sitting, so that he said to Whistler, "Mr. Whistler, you are a magician." When the doctor decided that there was no hope of recovery, and that the case was beyond the nursing of Miss Holloway, Whistler and some other friends arranged for the sick man to be removed to a hospital in Fitzroy Square, where he died on 5th March. "Oh for one long day's painting," he said to me not long before. Alas! his wish was not to be fulfilled.

His exhibition was open at the time, and Whistler lent the portrait.

From then onwards I did not come directly in touch with Whistler, but a curious incident happened which impressed me not a little. On the evening of the day he died, there was a meeting at the Art Workers' Guild, and when it was finished, for no ostensible reason, the members stood about talking of Whistler. No one knew that he was dead, or even not expected to live, but when next morning came the news, one recalled what he had said in the "Ten O'clock" lecture—"And Art seeks the Artist. Alone, where he is, there she appears, and remains with him, loving and

faithful, turning never aside in moments of hope deferred, and of ribald misunderstanding; and when he dies she sadly takes her flight, though loitering yet in the land, from fond association, but refusing to be consoled," and it seemed as though he too had in spirit visited his brother artists.

I cannot end without a sigh of regret over the lamentable dissensions which have occurred amongst the friends who should have sunk every difference to do full honour to the artist. Magnificent as the Memorial Exhibition at the New Gallery was, another of nearly equal importance might have been held simultaneously in a second gallery, of pictures then in London; one need only mention Mrs. Leyland's and Lady Meux's portraits, "The Little White Girl," and many nocturnes; but the occasion is past. It is to be hoped that one of the great portraits will find a home in the Tate Gallery beside the Battersea picture, before they are all gathered into the museums of America. For we want his special note, which differs so greatly from that of most other artists, above all in its saneness, simplicity, reticence, and unsurpassable mastery of colour. Dealing with the life which surrounded him, he recorded the elegance and grace of movement of his sitters with an art

all his own, and without any *bravura* of clever brushwork. His landscapes interest us without any startling effects of brilliant sunrise or sunset; his street scenes without towering buildings or inky shadows. Generally it is the everyday aspect of nature which all should know that he depicts, yet it is recorded with such selection, distinction, and style, such exquisite mastery, that the most homely of themes—the sweetstuff-shop, the rag-shop, the crowd at Southend on a bank holiday—all become fascinating pictures of which one never tires. He said that it was not the mission of art to preach, which is true; yet a study of his works must surely have the effect of teaching us to find beauty in our natural surroundings. The river with its twilight and mist he long ago taught us to love, and since then he has chosen these other more definite subjects, and we can learn a like lesson from them.

INDEX

ALEXANDER, Miss, portrait of, 86, 139
"Art and Art Critics," 33
Art Workers' Guild, the, 69, 101; meeting on the evening of Whistler's death, 144

BACHER, Otto, 2, 39, 46, 83
Bacon, John, 22, 23
"Balcony, The," 29
"Beggars, The," 46
"Belle Dame Paresseuse, La," 109
"Blue Girl, The," 30, 31
Boehm, Sir J. E., his bust of Whistler, 26
Boisbaudran, Professor Lecoq de, 68, 139
Brittany, trip to, 92, 107
"Butcher's Dog, The," 129

CARLYLE, portrait of, 13, 29, 44
Carte, Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly, 22
Channel Islands, visit to the, 59
Cole, Sir Henry, 84
Corder, Miss Rosa, 25; portrait of, 13, 25
Coronio, Mr. and Madame, 97–99, 139
Cox, Cornelius, 77–79
"Cremorne Gardens," 135–138

DOWDESWELL'S gallery, catalogues of exhibitions at, 71
"Duet, The," 109
Duret, M., 2, 30, 55, 105; portrait of, 64

"EARLY Morning," 17, 18, 20, 127
Eddy, Mr. A. J., 99, 100
Eden trial, the, 122, 123
Eldon, 12

FANTIN-LATOUR, M., 94, 95
Farren, Nellie, 21
Fine Art Society, the, 38, 41, 42; exhibitions, 47, 48, 52, 54, 116, 119, 120
"Fitzroy Square," etching by Whistler, bitten by Sir F. Short, 72, 73
"Forge, The" (Passage du Dragon), 110
Frames, Whistler's treatment of, 54, 55
Franklin, Maud, 7, 15, 48
Freer, Mr. C. L., 26, 30, 55, 74, 115
Fulham, studio at, 64, 77, 115
"Furnace Murano," 58

Gazette des Beaux Arts, La, 44, 106
Gilbert, Mr. Alfred, R.A., 111
Gilchrist, Connie, 21; portraits of, 25, 30
Godwin, E. W., 3, 24, 50
"Gold Scab, The," 34
Gould, Miss, 83, 84
Goulding, F., 47, 112, 113
Goupil Gallery, exhibition at the, 84, 97, 99
"Grasshopper, The," Whistler caricatured in, 21, 22
Greaves, Mr. Walter, 14, 15
Gregory, E. J., 11, 32

HADEN, Lady, 122
Halsbury, Lord, 84
Henley, W. E., portrait of, 128
Holloway, C. E., 11, 32, 59, 129, 130, 132; portrait of, 130, 144; his last illness and death, 143, 144
Horsley, J. C., R.A., 75
Howell, C. A., 9, 12, 13, 48
Howells, Miss, portrait of, 123

JUBILEE Review etchings, presented to Queen Victoria, but afterwards sold, 74

LEIGHTON, Lord, 32
Leyland, F. R., 25, 31, 34–36, 136; portrait of, 29, 35
Leyland, Mrs., portraits of, 29, 145
Leyland, the Misses, portraits and studies of, 29–31, 136, 139
"Limehouse," 10, 16, 87, 114
Lindsay Row, studies in, 9, 10, 24, 28, 76
"Little London," 128
"Little Nude Model Reading," 89, 107, 113
"Little Rose of Lyme Regis," 114, 115
"Little Venice," 45
"Little White Girl, The," 28, 54, 145
Lithographs, Whistler's, first experiments, 7–10, 15–21; use of transfer paper, 20, 21, 88, 94, 95, 106–110; issue of "Notes," 87; method of work, 88, 89, 124, 125; experiments in colour, 90, 91; the Brittany series, 92; prints for magazines, 93, 94; old paper for, 95–97; exhibitions of, 111–114, 116; catalogue of, 104, 131, 134; the Paris series, 104–111; a new transfer paper, 107–110; methods of printing, 112, 113; the Lyme Regis series, 116–118; prices charged, 120; numbers printed, 121, 122; portraits by firelight, 123; the Savoy Hotel series, 125–128; later prints, 128, 129; cost of printing, 140
Lithography, description of the process, 4–6; revived interest in, 101, 102, 119; Whistler on Mr. Pennell's exhibition, 141; Pennell *v.* Sickert, 141–143
"Long Bridge, The," 19, 20
"Loves of the Lobsters," 34, 35, 138
Luard, Mr., 68, 139
Luxembourg Gardens, lithographs of the, 92, 104, 107
Lyme Regis, visit to, 114, 123; lithographs at, 108, 116–118, 124

MALLARMÉ, Stéphane, portraits of, 105, 106, 121
Memorial Exhibition, the, 29, 36, 44, 91, 97, 98, 145
Memory, drawing from, 67, 68
"Mère Gérard, La," 66, 115
Meux, Lady, portraits of, 64–66, 71, 137, 145
Montesquiou, Count R. de, portrait of, 105
Moore, Albert, 3, 27, 28, 32
Moore, Mr., thrashed by Whistler, 50
"Mother's Portrait," the, 13, 29, 71, 126; sale of, 85
"Mount Ararat," 34, 35, 138

"NOCTURNE" (lithograph), 16, 17, 114, 127
"Notes," 87, 140

ORCHARDSON, Sir W. Q., 72, 76

PASTEL, Whistler's use of, 27, 28, 55, 56
Pastels, 3; the Venice, 39, 52–55
"Patience," Whistler caricatured in, 22
Peacock Room, the, 3, 34, 35
Pellegrini, C., 64, 65

Pennell, Mr. Joseph, 104, 120; his exhibition of lithographs, 141; attacked by Mr. Sickert, 141, 142
Pennell, Mr. and Mrs., their *Life* of Whistler, 1, 2, 35, 65, 73, 74, 76, 84, 100; portraits of, 123, 124
"Philosopher, The," 130
Piccadilly, lithographs in, 17–20
"Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine, La," 34, 35
"Purple Cap, The" (pastel), 3, 75

QUEEN'S Square, exhibition in, 83, 84

"REGENT'S QUADRANT," 43
Rhodes, Cecil, proposed portrait of, 123
"Robe Rouge, La," 95, 110
Rose, Anderson, 33
Royal Society of British Artists, 73
"Rue Furstenburg," 108
Ruskin, John, Whistler and, 31–33, 38

SARASATE, portrait of, 80, 81
Savoy Hotel, the, lithographs done from, 125–128
"Savoy Pigeons," 44, 126
"Scherzo in Blue," 30
Short, Sir Frank, an etching by Whistler bitten in by, 73
Sickert, Mr. Walter, 83; portraits of, 79, 122; his attack on Mr. Pennell, 141, 142
"Siesta, The," 96, 126
"Six Projects," the, 27, 28
"Smith of Lyme Regis, The," 114, 115
"Smith, The" (Passage du Dragon), 110
"Southampton Water," 59, 97, 98
Studio, The, 93, 94, 126
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 22

"TALL Bridge, The," 19, 20, 113
"Ten O'clock," 33, 80, 81
Terry, Mr. Edward, 21
Thames etchings, 52
"Thames, The," 127, 128, 139
Thomson, Mr. D. C., 97, 130
"Three Girls, The," 25–28, 36, 71
Tite Street, studio in, 62–64, 77, 115
"Toilet, The," 17, 20, 113
"Traghetto, The," 46
Transfer paper, 5, 9, 20, 21, 88, 94, 95, 106, 110, 141–143

UNDERDOWN, Mr., Q.C., 75

VALE, the, Chelsea, 63, 64
"Valparaiso Harbour," 32
Venice, visit to, 38–41; pastels, 39, 52–55, etchings, 39, 41–50
"Vitré—the Canal," 92

WALES, Prince and Princess of, visit Whistler's studio, 64, 65
Water-colours, 56, 58–60
Watts-Dunton, Mr. Theodore, 17
Way, Mr. Thomas, 3, 10, 16
Whirlwind, The, 89
Whistler, J. McNeill, first experiments in lithography, 7–10, 15–21; his various studios and residences in London, 9, 10, 24, 41, 62–64, 76, 77, 119, 122, 123, 125, 128; his disregard of time, 10, 11; personal characteristics, 21, 36, 40, 45, 50, 51, 66, 69, 82; caricatured on the stage, 21, 22; methods of painting, 24, 25, 27–29, 69–71; "The Three Girls," 25–28; portraits of himself, 26; his use of pastel, 27, 28, 55, 56; the Leyland portraits, 29–31, 35; the Ruskin trial, 31–33; the bankruptcy, 33, 135, 136; Leyland and the Peacock Room, 34–36; visit to Venice, 38; printing the Venice etchings, 41–51, 57, 58; anecdote of the exhibition, 47; his attitude to the public, 49, 81; the Venice pastels, 52–56; his treatment

of frames, 54, 55; trip to the Channel Islands, 59; introduction to C. E. Holloway, 59; interested in water-colour, 59, 60; the Meux portraits, 64–66; a lesson in memory drawing, 67; catalogues of his exhibitions, 71, 99, 120; etching of "Fitzroy Square," 72, 73; the R.S.B.A., 73–76; suggested Knighthood, 74; the "Ten O'clock" lecture, 80, 81; Queen's Square exhibition, 83, 84; sale of the "Mother's Portrait," 85; death of his mother, 85, 86; again takes up lithography, 87–97; change of his signature, 88; trip to Brittany, 92; influence of Fantin-Latour, 94; the Goupil show, 97, 99; anecdote of Mr. and Madame Coronio, 97; his attitude to his works when sold, 98–100, 135–139; proposes to set up a lithographic press, 102–104; catalogue of his lithographs, 104, 131–134; Paris lithographs, 104–111; International Exhibition of lithographs in Paris, 111–114; illness of Mrs. Whistler, 114, 122, 126; visit to Lyme Regis, 114, 116–118; change in size of his canvases, 115, 116; exhibition of his lithographs at the Fine Art Society, 116, 119, 120; later lithographs, 123–129; death of Mrs. Whistler, 128; his friendship with Holloway, 129, 130, 143, 144; ungenerous treatment of old friends, 133–141; incident on the evening of his death, 144

Whistler, Mrs. J. McN., her interest in lithography, 91; her illness, 91, 114, 122, 125, 126; her death, 128; portraits of, 95, 109, 110

Whistler, Dr. W., 14, 27, 48, 50, 60–62, 78; portraits of, 70, 105, 113, 114

White, Gleeson, 93

White, Rev. Henry, 44

White House, the, 24, 33, 62, 76, 77

Winans, Mr., portrait of, 10

"Winged Hat, The," 89, 107

Woods, Mr. Henry, R.A., 53

YATES, Edmund, 25

THE END

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES
3 9088 01746 1666